



The Improvement Era

OCTOBER, 1946

VOLUME 49 NUMBER 10

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

THE FLAME FAMILY...



**QUAND'RY IN
THE LAUNDRY
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to the Rescue**

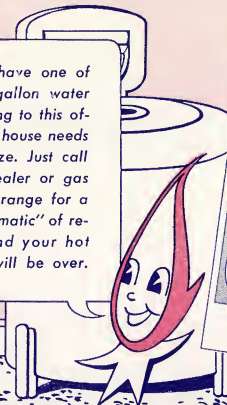
1. SPEEDY LENDS ATTENTIVE EAR AS HOUSEWIFE SHEDS A WASHDAY TEAR



2. BUT THEN SHE HAS A CHANGE OF HEART AS SPEEDY SHOWS THE "SIZING CHART"

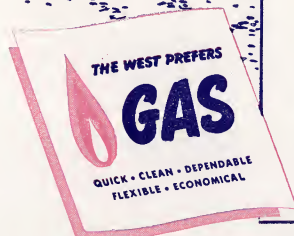


Trouble is, you have one of those dinky 20-gallon water heaters. According to this official chart, your house needs the 40-gallon size. Just call your plumber-dealer or gas company and arrange for a larger "gas automatic" of reliable make, and your hot water troubles will be over.



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Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

SUFFICIENT coal, as small particles, has been carried down the Susquehanna River, in Pennsylvania, by high water, later settling in quieter water down river, that 150,000 tons of coal are mined by about one hundred dredges and flatboats annually.

ANIMAL blood is successfully used in treating badly wounded men in Soviet hospitals. Injections speed up healing, improve appetite and sleep and cure lack of vitamins. The blood is taken from special hospital herds of cows which are fed chiefly on alfalfa, high in vitamin A. A cow can supply up to eighteen quarts of blood a month.

THE inhabitants of Brazil and Guiana have made an interesting biological discovery which has led to a curious practice. Alfred Metraux reports that parrots are caught and certain feathers removed. The bare skin is then treated in such a way that the new feathers have a different color from the ones removed. Usually the change is from green to yellow, frequently by using the acid secretion of toads.

FOR airplane delivery of fuel on the China-Burma-India war fronts an aluminum gasoline drum weighing only twenty-one pounds was developed which is just half as heavy as the old type.

A BODY thrown where there is no air resistance will go farthest if thrown at an angle of 45 degrees above the horizontal. With a water jet projected from nozzle, it has been found that the angle for maximum throw for pressures up to sixty pounds per square inch is twenty-five degrees, and only twelve degrees for pressures up to one hundred forty pounds per square inch. Similarly with a pressure of one hundred twenty pounds per square inch with an inch nozzle the water will only go up fifty eight percent as high as it would if there were no air resistance, and only thirty percent for a half-inch nozzle.

THE color of light which attracts night-flying insects least, for equal brightness, seems to be yellow. Yellow attracts fewer and smaller bugs than any color except red, which is not satisfactory for illumination.

THE suicide rate in Germany in 1936 was twice that of the United States.

OCTOBER 1946



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Arrange slices of avocado and orange sections alternately on crisp salad greens. Serve with a dressing made by blending $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Durkee's Genuine Mayonnaise with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar.



GM
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Oct.
1946

The Cover

AUTUMN holds the reward for work well done and fully accomplished. It also is the harbinger of winter when the crops are in—and roads lead home to security and love. The falling of the leaves assures the protection of the seeds for the next season's growth and fertility. The cover is the work of Keystone View Company, adapted by Charles Jacobsen.

"Church of the Air"

ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY of the Council of the Twelve will speak to the subject "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God" on Columbia's "Church of the Air," Sunday, October 6. Check your local radio schedule for the Columbia station that will carry this network program featuring the music of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir and organ.

★

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The Improvement Era

OCTOBER 1946

VOLUME 49, NO. 10

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Word Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

★

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Day Keeps Its Tryst

By Gertrude Perry Stanton

NIGHT walks so slowly down a wooded lane—
The hour's measured pace has lost its haste;
There is full time for sad regret, dull pain;
And sorrow fills a cup of bitter taste.

But morning comes again! Again the faint
Pale essence of creation's history
Lifts shadowy veils, as unseen artists paint

The skies in dawn's eternal mystery;
And Hope speaks—"Though the sky is overcast,
Though darkness lingers, dawn will come at last!"

★

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Executive and Editorial Offices:

50 North Main Street,
Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

The Improvement Era is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, but welcomes contributions.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed postage for delivery and return.

The HERMIT NATION

By LILLIAN H. TILLINGHAST

RECENTLY we have turned to our geographies or our atlases with an entirely new and exciting point of interest, for some of our dear ones have really been to the ends of the earth, and we wanted to know where those ends might be! And among the lands of which many of us knew little or nothing was that little peninsula, something like our own Florida in form, which juts down and out from the southern end of Manchuria. Just at present it has been renamed by the Japanese, and called Chosen. Its own people call it Korea, which is the best way alien lips can pronounce the name which means "The Land of Morning Calm": and some outsiders for centuries have called it The Hermit Kingdom.

It really is an ideal land, and a country in which one would be satisfied to spend the remainder of one's life. The climate is most propitious and delightful. Practically all known game are found throughout its area which is about half as large again as Florida, and the flowers are so wonderful that it is easy to imagine the science of botany was first promulgated here! The mountains are rich, not only in rare beauty, but in many of the globally-needed minerals, such as coal, iron, silver, copper, lead, and mica. Then there are the tungsten, graphite, barites, nickel, fluor spar, magnesite, zinc, molybdenum, and talc, and what is generally recognized as the most flawless rock crystal found anywhere in the world.

In comparatively recent years old records have been brought to light which tell many interesting facts utterly unknown before, such as that in Korea, copper currency has been known since the twelfth century! And what is perhaps even more interesting is the fact that this country was probably the first to invent or use moveable type. In fact, in the Museum of Natural History in the City of New York, there are a few specimens of this type dating from the year 1232. And about a century later, so the records tell us, a foundry for the making of movable type was built in Korea.

ACCORDING to our records, David was king in Israel about the time that Korea was a leader of nations. There was a famous king who wanted his country to take its rightful place, and, when he learned that the common people wanted to read and write but they felt the alphabet was too complex, he ordered his wise men to evolve one

which could be easily learned. This was accomplished to the delight of most of the people—but, when it was found that learning was becoming so widespread, the scholars decided this was a great fault, and soon began calling this usable language the "vulgar" language and held it in contempt!

However, the Koreans led in the arts, and in the literacy of their people. When they had queens, these women were both trained and talented, and it is recorded that something over fifteen hundred years ago in the city of Kyongju the then queen built an observatory, which is said to be the oldest in the east. And it in turn was preceded by an observatory where astronomers studied and kept records of comets, meteors, sunspots, and the movements of the planets during and after the first century B.C.

The Koreans have had a history for more than three thousand years; some authorities insist it will quite fill four thousand years. In those early days the culture was most varied, and included reading, writing, medicine, astronomy, architecture, music, painting, wood carving, bronze work, literature, philosophy, as well as political and social administration. And then throughout all the land were the love of and for gardening, for poetry, and the arrangement of flowers; skill in the making of lacquer and in the intricate weaving of silk; as well as the continuing development of the daily courtesies of living.

In the city of Pyeng Yang is the burial plot of the Emperor Ki Tsze, "which tells of three thousand years of power." Before this mound, where any archeologist would love to delve, stand quaint, carved figures, together with a carved stele and a memorial lantern. These are all surrounded by a fairly high stone wall, of five or six feet, with but one entrance gate. When we were there, as a great favor, we were allowed to enter and wander around inside. And we were told by one of the authorities that on the day sacred to the worship of their ancestors, two lineal descendants of this king, who reigned about eleven hundred years before the Christian era, came to pay homage to him at this sacred shrine.

KOREAN life is still very primitive, and most of the people are farmers. Much of the linen worn is woven in the homes, and most of the men and women dress in white. The garments are not cut and sewed as ours are but are
(Concluded on page 658)

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LIGHTS OUT!

By IRA L.
PETERSON

MORTALITY, fickle and capricious though it may seem, is that brief span apportioned by God to all men. Fickle and capricious? Indeed! What strange turn of the wheel of fortune gives to one a mutilated or deformed body, to another a crippled mind, to still another every advantage in life? One serviceman receives a fatal wound from enemy action, another luckily escapes it. One drinks the deepest dregs of agony to depart this life, another makes the "crossing" as quickly and quietly as a peaceful dream. Yes, we may do much to improve our basic inheritance in life, yet how true is the fact that, justly or unjustly, mortality allots each man a portion, large or small, to do with as he can or will.

Mortality, for each of us is as a great "white way," made up of lights of all sizes and intensities. The pleasures, satisfactions, and achievements of life add to its brilliance, while the failures, disappointments, and tragedies reduce it. Thus, for each of us, a life span of human experience is written in the "lights" and each "white way" has its own story, representing the sum total of life.

Some lights, representing the truer long-range values in life, are larger, brighter and more enduring, while the temporary satisfactions and gratifications register on the "white way" as the sparks showering from a skyrocket, to presently disappear.

A new year dawns, makes its contribution to history, and is gone. The mythical New Year's cherub gradually becomes the worn and experienced scythe-laden Father Time. Unlike the brilliantly initiated cherub, the true child of mortality enters upon his earthly trek as one yet to develop the bright lights of his career. Childhood sees the lights begin, although many of them come and go, even as the childhood experiences, which seem important at the time, only to be largely forgotten as they are replaced by new ones. With maturity, the lights take on greater variety and intensity. Experiences are more varied, realistic, and vital.

It is possible, in this life, to travel a high road or a low one. Such as travel the low road have lights less bright, but with erratic pyrotechnic fluctuations, born of the temporary thrills and gratifications in their way of life. Some resort to alcohol or drugs for escape from the realities of life. Others search

for the thrills of vice and crime. Still others exist in the squalor and ignorance of the slums. On the other hand, true success and achievement add much to the brilliance of one's "white way." To the family man each dear one added to his fold also yields light of true and lasting brilliance.

In his prime, his heyday of success, it seems the lights would never dim, but sooner or later sickness strikes, reverses come, his loved ones pass beyond. He loves the brightness; he does not wish to lose it. The years pass by; he realizes that the brilliance, in spite of wealth or power, and against his will, is waning. Now he sees more clearly that the days of his mortal life are slipping away. Much as he might like to, he cannot turn back to those brighter days.

Lights out! What then? Every thinking man sees the certainty of the end of mortal life. Many attempt to evade and brush aside the thought. One whose life has found brightness in "things of the spirit," begins to see the lights beyond mortality. He sees them through the eyes of faith. His dear ones lost, precede him there, and each a light to him becomes. Then, when age has slowed his step, he looks not back, as many do, to cling hysterically to the fading lights of mortality. Instead, he looks ahead with joy toward the greater lights beyond the veil. With spirit strong, but body bent and frail, he awaits his call to "cross the bar."

Prayer Perfect

By Elmer S. Crowley

IN 1945 the Idaho Falls high school basketball team won the state championship. A few days after the final game one of the players dropped in to visit a favorite teacher. Together they talked over the events leading to the championship title. Then, as the discussions progressed, the boy looked at his teacher and asked: "Do you think prayer could have had anything to do with it?"

The teacher, somewhat surprised, answered: "I really don't know. Why?"

"Well," confided the boy, "one of the fellows got the idea about praying just before the games started, and the coach said o.k."

The teacher expressed skepticism about the effect of a prayer asking to win out over the opposing team.

"I don't mean that kind of prayer," the youngster said quietly. "We prayed to play better than we had ever played before . . . and we did."

Aztec Method of RECORDING HISTORY

By DR. CHARLES E. DIBBLE

MAN's efforts to record what he saw and experienced have a long history. It has been a three-fold problem: a method of writing, a writing instrument, and a surface to receive the



Part of a Cotton Codex showing weave and method of joining the strips.

thoughts of man. Perhaps the oldest and most universal surface has been a smooth rock on the face of the cliff or in a cave shelter. Early man in Spain and France recorded on the rock wall of his cave—a practice which continues down to the present, as anyone can attest who has noted the names and dates scrawled in places of scenic and historic interest.

Papyrus was the writing medium of the Mediterranean; the Chinese developed true paper from the disintegrated fibers of the mulberry. Many cultures, once they perfected a writing system, recorded, upon occasions, on wood, pottery, parchment, shells, bone, and metals.

(Concluded on page 649)

OCTOBER 1946

THE BIGGEST JOB *of his life!*



HE'S just a little fellow. But he works hard from the very day he comes into the world. Every minute he's awake, those tiny arms and legs are busy. They have to be for he has to do the biggest growing job of his life during his first 12 months. He provides his own exercise. He has to depend on you to see that he has the food he needs.

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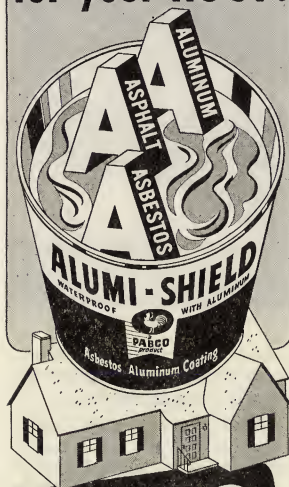
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ONE OF A MULTITUDE

By Foley C. Richards

IF we were to think in terms of numbers only, the baptism of Sister Gray would seem to be just a commonplace event. She was but one of 6,772 converts who were baptized in the Church one year. However, I remember this occasion as a very special one. Why? Because Sister Gray is my friend, and hers was one of the few baptisms I attended in the mission field.

She and her husband had only known the missionaries for about eight months, but during that period they gained a glowing testimony of the gospel. Brother Gray was baptized three months before Sister Gray. They had both been waiting for a "real religion," and when it came they were surprised to find it was "Mormonism."

The Grays are living in Newport, Rhode Island. They are both less than thirty years old. They have one child, a little girl.

You would have enjoyed the baptismal service if you had been there. We met in a small sandy cove on the ocean front at Newport. On each side of us rocky cliffs stood with their big,

darkened shoulders jutting out of the water.

Everything about our service and our surroundings was peaceful. The air was fresh and scented with salt and seaweed as it usually is at the seashore. The sun glittered on the waves. When they broke at knee's height, there was a rush and then a calm again. They came in regular succession as if governed by the swinging of a long pendulum. There were seven of us in our group. Two bathers watched us curiously from a distance. The service was simple. We sang a hymn, joined in prayer, listened to a few remarks by the district president, and then the ordinance was performed. I can still see in my mind the rising and falling of the swells as Elder Sorenson took Sister Gray out into their midst.

As she came forth and beheld us awaiting her in a line on the sand, a modest smile brightened her dripping face. She was happy.

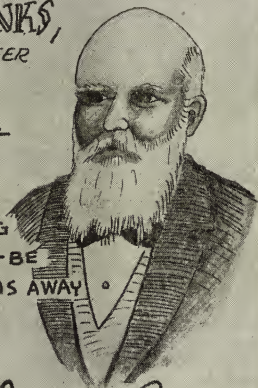
I have often mused upon that event. I shall long remember the sound of the waves, and the curious onlookers who didn't understand, and the Saints waiting in a line on the shore, and her smile of modest happiness.

Only one of 6,772? Yes, but to her and the Church it was of great significance.

PATTERNS of PROGRESS

BY
FREDRICK C.
WOLTERS, JR.

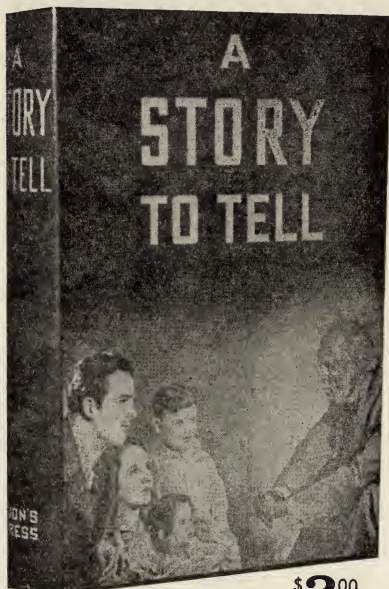
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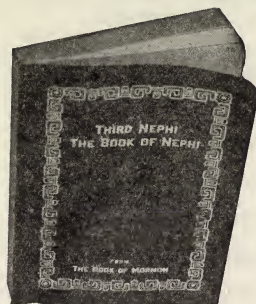
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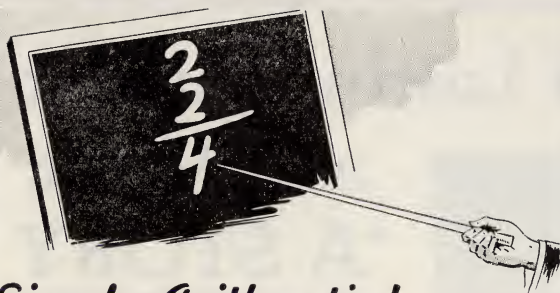
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SAGE BRUSH AND WAGON WHEELS

(Edna S. Dustin. Bookcraft Company, Salt Lake City. Illustrated by V. Douglas Snow. 1946. \$2.00.)

THE poetry of Edna Dustin has received wide acclaim and has called for its being collected in one cover. Miss Dustin (in private life, a trained nurse known and loved by her many patients as Edna Ked-dington) has struck a responsive cord in the hearts of all who have read her poetry. Her ability to make her readers respond to the usual in life as well as to the unusual has widened the scope of her readers. Hers is the gift of second sight that sends her readers back to life with an increased zest for it and a new awareness of it.

To add to the beauty of the poetry, the format has been carefully and artistically executed, and the book is replete with beautiful drawings made by the gifted young artist, Douglas Snow.—M. C. J.

CHINESE FAMILY AND SOCIETY

(Olga Lang. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. 1946. 395 pages. \$4.00.)

THIS study of China complements other studies which have been made relative to European and American family life. The work, made possible by the cooperative financial assistance of the Institute of Social Research (Columbia University), the Institute of Pacific Relations, and the Carnegie Corporation, is a definitive study of the Chinese family, both ancient and modern, and affords a keen insight into the background of this great country. The study should also make for greater understanding of some of the problems that confront China in her current struggle to attain modern statehood.

Although the book is a factual one, the material is fascinating enough that it reads like a novel. There is much that western families may derive from reading and emulating the good found in this book.—M. C. J.

TOLSTOY—AN APPROACH

(Janko Lavrin. Macmillan Company, New York. 1946. 166 pages. \$2.00.)

THE author makes a note at the very beginning of his study that this "is not biography, but an attempt to interpret Tolstoy the man, the artist, and the thinker in the light of some of our present-day needs and problems." Professor Lavrin feels that it is only by a careful analysis of Tolstoy in each department of his life that there can be a true estimate of his value.

Tolstoy's great problem, according to Lavrin, was to reconcile truth of life with the truth of art. While this may sound paradoxical, it is nevertheless true, for they seemed at times to turn against each other, thus creating a great conflict within Tolstoy. Because of this conflict, Tolstoy was at times led into absurdities; as for instance when he rated the work of a peasant boy greater than that of Goethe or when he placed Russian folk songs above the compositions of Beethoven.

For those who wish a clearer understanding of Tolstoy, this book will offer valuable assistance.—M. C. J.

These Times

By DR. G. HOMER DURHAM

*Director of the Institute of Government,
University of Utah*

A RECENT Broadway play by Lillian Hellman, *The Searching Wind*, has been made into a motion picture. It retails the experience of an American diplomat, Alexander Hazen, in facing and reporting to the United States government the Fascist march on Rome (1922), the rise of nazism, the civil war in Spain, and the Munich crisis of 1938.

THE play is an indictment of our era, ourselves, our manners, and of the confused American diplomat who couldn't tell good from bad in Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Paris.

SAM HAZEN, the diplomat's son, is presented as the clear-headed youngster, who, after being a war-victim of the parental generation's ineptness, gropes to see the truth. Meanwhile, the unfolding story is made into a box-office "success" by subtly parading, throughout, the extra-marital problems of the muddled diplomat, his society wife, and his newspaperwoman girl friend. The blending of muddled politics with muddled family life, of itself, makes an interesting commentary on our times. This is high-lighted at the play's end when Sam Hazen tells his father, point-blank, that the older man not only contributed to a messy world, but made a mess of his own life as well.

At the fadeout, the best that Hollywood and Miss Hellman can do for us, however, is to place the following "message" in Sam's mouth: "Well, let's all have a drink. I've got a hard future ahead."

THESE words are spoken on the eve of Sam's operation, in which he is to lose a leg. But the "hard future ahead" also involves the future of mankind and diplomacy, as well as the problems of a one-legged man.

WELL, shall we all "have a drink," and so face the hard future ahead? Is this ritual the best that modern literature can prescribe for struggling mankind?

I WONDER, somewhere, if there aren't a couple of dozen former Latter-day Saint missionaries, to Germany, France, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Hol-

land, Great Britain, or its dominions, who wouldn't like to join the Alexander Hazens of this coming age, and take their intimate knowledge of the common peoples of Europe into the United States Foreign Service?

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has recently signed (August 1946) the Foreign Service Act of 1946, expanding and enlarging the service in line with certain needs demonstrated by the recent war. Entrants must be aged twenty-one to thirty-five, competent in at least one foreign language, and must pass stiff examinations in history, economics, international, maritime, and commercial law, and other phases of government. Of about eight hundred who annually have tried, from sixty to eighty have passed the written examinations. Of the latter, from thirty to fifty subsequently pass the final oral examinations.

MOST of us pay too little attention to the activities of our government abroad. Yet the decisions made may determine the existence or non-existence of shelters against poison atomic radiations on Temple Square, in Manti, Utah, or Muncie, Indiana, a few years hence.

It would seem to me, that in company with fresh young people of other faiths, and with those of no faith at all, there might be room for a few people with the ingenious heritage of the Utah pioneers in this new and expanded American foreign service—lest we be caught abroad with nothing but more Alexander Hazens.

REMEMBERED

By Arthur Wallace Peach

How strange that we remember,
Among the greater things,
A day, a moment, or a voice
To which some magic clings—

Some day of sun and laughter
Like others, yet
Holding close a memory
We never shall forget:

Some moment unforgotten.
A moment love made sweet:
A strain of lovely song once heard
Along a lonely street:

A voice whose accents linger
And set the heart athrill—
That all the clamor of the world
Cannot still!

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WOOL
O' THE
WEST
PORTLAND
OREGON

The RELIGIOUS ATTITUDES of NOTED MEN

SELECTED BY LEON M. STRONG

CAMILLE FLAMMARION (French astro-
nomer, 1842-1925) asserts that:

... death is merely evolution and not by
any means the last hour. The body as the
organic garment of the spirit passes, but
the spirit remains. (Page 320.)*

Arthur Lee Foley, physicist, thinks
that

To admit that matter and energy are im-
mortal and to deny immortality of the mind,
which molds and directs both matter and
energy, is absurd. (Page 327.)

Edwin Brant Frost of Yerkes Con-
servatory observes:

The idea of immortality of spirit is not
far different from fundamental beliefs of
physicists. . . . This affirms that the sum
total of energy in the universe is constant,
changeable from one form to another, but
essentially immortal. (Page 327.)

E. E. Fournier d'Albe, physicist, has
this to say:

Death is a process of nature. . . . Fear of
death is removed. The heart finds peace.
It need not sorrow for its loved ones, who
are released from fettering clay and are
passed into a higher joyous estate. Sinners
will be revealed in their true ugliness and
shunned until they conform to the standards
of virtue. From each planet arise living
souls mingling in ever higher destinies.
(Page 332.)

Heber D. Curtis, Allegheny Observ-
atory, Pittsburgh, in 1927, put and an-
swered this question before the Ameri-
can Astronomical Society:

Are we ourselves the only manifestation
that comes to an end, stops, ceases, is an-
nihilated at threescore years and ten? What
we crudely call "spirit" of man makes new
compounds, plays with the law of chemical
action, guides the forces of the atom,
changes the face of the earth, gives life to
new forms; a creative spirit which reason-
ably cannot cease to be. This thing, soul,
mind, spirit, cannot well be an exception.
In some way, as yet impossible to define, it
too must possess continuity. The concept is
old, but the conclusion is inevitable. . . .
Scientific truth, in the absolute and final
sense, cannot be wrong, and I think the day
will come when it and our similarly absolute
and final religious belief will be one and
the same. (Pages 333-4.)

*Permission granted to reprint extracts
from *Christianity In Science* by Frederick
D. Leete. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 1928

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



—Photograph by Carew from Monkmeier

BREAD

“GIVE US this day our daily bread,” I asked,
 Then washed my hands and settled to the task
 Of measuring the flour. The yeast was up.
 I poured the precious bounty from the cup
 And sifted downy clouds of powdered wheat
 Into the foamy mass. “When do we eat?”
 Called one too small to know the law of bread.
 (“To labor and to wait,” the poet said.)
 I looked into his trusting, earnest eyes . . .
 “We have to wait, son, for the bread to rise.”

I felt the tawny muscle of the dough
 And knew a strength my muscle did not know . . .
 For here was prayer . . . and toil . . . and recompense . . .
 The makings of the Lord’s own sacraments . . .
 “Dear Lord, I thank thee for this food,” I said.
 I found the leaven in a loaf of bread.

ORA PATE STEWART

'Anything worth doing ...'



It's an 'oldie'—of course. But even if you're a very new newlywed, you'll see how true the old proverb is—when you're washing clothes.

This is one housekeeping chore you can make pleasant and satisfying with the help of Fels-Naptha Soap.

You don't have to *rub* the dirt out. Fels-Naptha loosens it—quickly and gently—then it's whisked away, *all of it*, in the mild suds of Fels-Naptha Soap.

Your clothes will be cleaner, brighter, sweeter-smelling. Your wash days—with Fels-Naptha—will be something to look forward to . . . *well, almost.*



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

MUD HOUSES

PATTERNED AFTER THE SAINTS'

By Sola Kimball Smith

"THAT makes the twentieth call I've had today!" snapped the irate householder as he put the receiver down with a vengeance. "The papers should not publish such news!"

And so it went with the folk in three other west coast houses, whose names had also been mentioned—in a little item hidden away in the middle of the paper among ads and insignificant bits of news. Yet it caused more commotion than many a front-page event. All because four young women of as many households, under the approval of the War Department, were to be among the first to go to Europe to join their servicemen husbands.

And why all the excitement? Housing shortage!

One of the young wives was not at home when one of these frantic home-seekers called, but he read the note she left telling where she'd gone. That quick he was gone—after her.

Is it any wonder with such a condition existing in so many parts of the United States that every trailer, cottage, and motel is a potential home for somebody? No wonder two California builders, after waiting a year for lumber to be released, finally did as the early Saints in Utah and began digging their building material from the ground.

Nearly a hundred years ago the Saints were faced with this same housing and lumber shortage. When they founded Salt Lake City in the desert, only a few spindly cottonwood trees were available. These were far from adequate as a source of wood. So these resourceful people built their first homes by making bricks of the material they dug from the earth.

Many of these first adobes—some so skillfully camouflaged as no longer to resemble their humble origin—are still standing and still tenanted, being papered on the inside, whitewashed on the outside, and many with added wooden partitions.

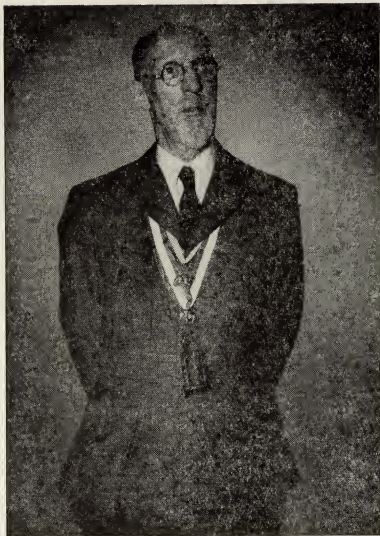
What was a necessity then may by necessity now become the style, for these two builders, C. C. Cooper and James J. Anderson have already completed a ten-unit motel in Albany, California, have plans for a hundred more and are at present designing two-bedroom homes to be made of adobe for veterans.

Of course the adobe bricks have been

(Concluded on page 658)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE PLACE OF M.I.A. IN THE



PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH IN SCOUT UNIFORM, WEARING THE SILVER BEAVER AND THE SILVER BUFFALO, THE HIGHEST AWARDS IN SCOUTING.

I DO NOT know whether any of the rest of you can be quite as happy to be here as I am this morning. After a term of years in which we have been denied the privilege of meeting in this great tabernacle as members of the Mutual Improvement Associations, we now come together again under the same sweet influence that has always characterized our work. This is a beautiful sight to me. I do not know that I can express myself as I would like, but I am surely pleased to be with you this morning. I have enjoyed the program and have rejoiced in the lovely experiences through which we have passed.

I appreciate our brethren and sisters from the Hawaiian Islands and if I cannot go down there to see them, I am happy to have them come here to see me and bring me a greeting that is always so beautiful, such as they present when you arrive in that delightful land of flowers, where so many of our people live. I have never been anywhere in my life where people were more genuinely hospitable than they are there. It is

Progress of the Church

*An address given in the Tabernacle, for
M. I. A. June Conference, Friday
morning, June 7, 1946*

the home of the *lei*, and I know of no other part of the world that has adopted the plan of a beautiful welcome of flowers. There is one place in the South Seas where they use what they call the *ula*, which is similar. The *lei* as a general rule is made of flowers, but the *ula* of the Samoan Island group is usually made of colored tissue paper. It was my pleasure to be decorated with an *ula* in Samoa about eight or nine years ago as I have been this morning by our dear friends from the Hawaiian Islands.

I would like those who brought this gift to feel that they brought it, not just to me, but also to you, their Mutual Improvement associates, their co-workers in the great department of the youth service of the Church. I am sure you can all enjoy it, as I enjoy it, and I hope that they will take our love and our appreciation back to the Hawaiian Islands.

It is a wonderful thing, brethren and sisters, to feel that we are near to our Heavenly Father. What a marvelous condition this world would be in today if everyone could feel as we feel, if all of our Father's millions, yes, billions of children, all his children, could know as we know that we are living eternal lives and that God is our Father. What a wonderful thing that is! We are here as his children, just a part of one great family, and yet we are only a small part. If we could do our full duty as members of the Mutual Improvement Associations, we could increase the membership of the Church that bears the name of his beloved Son, the Church of Jesus Christ; we could bring into it a large number, not only of young men and young women but also of older men and older women, and the Church would continue to grow and thrive as our Heavenly Father desires that it should. Most of his children do not understand the purpose of life. Most of his children do not realize that we are living eternal lives. Only a comparatively few have received that witness, and you who are here this morning are among that number.

(Continued on page 668)

The Editor's Page

EUROPE'S VALIANT



WAREHOUSES AND RAILROAD SIDINGS OF THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, WHERE OUR L.D.S. WELFARE SUPPLIES ARE STORED AND FROM WHICH POINT THEY ARE SHIPPED BY RAIL TO THE VARIOUS PARTS OF THE OCCUPIED AREAS.

London, England,
September 1, 1946

And the voice of warning shall be unto all people, by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these last days. And they shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them. (D. & C. 1:4, 5.)

SINCE leaving Salt Lake City for London by plane during a snowstorm on January 29, 1946, to assume his duties as president of the European Mission, the travels, experiences, and successes of President Ezra Taft Benson have been a most literal fulfilment of this promise of the Lord to his servants in this dispensation. In less than seven months, visits have been made throughout England, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, and the occupied zones in Germany. To accomplish this, 15,035 miles have been traversed by plane, 5,951 miles by train, 1,296 miles by ship and boat, 11,551 miles by private automobile, and an additional 2,940 miles by jeep, truck, station wagon, bus, cable railway, streetcar, and horse and buggy, making a total of 36,773 miles covered.

Seven months ago the condition of many of the Saints throughout Europe was most distressing. Food and clothing were urgently needed; many branches, which had been

scattered and disorganized during the war years, lacked leadership to reorganize and carry on their activities, and love and encouragement from Zion were longingly awaited. Today mission presidents from Zion are in charge of all the missions in Europe except the two German missions, one of which has a mission president appointed, but both of which are carrying on commendably under able local leadership. Missionaries are arriving in goodly numbers in many of the missions, assisting

with the work of reorganization and rebuilding. Welfare products are arriving in volume and supplying our Saints with the needful things of life. It has been a source of keen satisfaction to meet with many audiences in which the majority of the Saints were completely outfitted with American (welfare) clothes, looking for all the world like an American audience.

ONE of our most noteworthy experiences has been to learn how the spirit of the Church welfare program has been manifest among our people even though they were, in large measure, unacquainted with its organization and objectives as we have them today. During the war years, as well as since that time, the Swedish Saints have sent assistance to their Norwegian, Finnish, and Danish brethren and sisters. The Danish members sent food and clothing packages to Norway and Holland. From the Swiss Mission, food and funds were sent to Bel-

Photographs
by
V. Bouverat

PRESIDENTS
BENSON AND ZIMMER
CHECKING ON
LARGE QUANTITIES
OF CANNED FOODS
AND BEDDING
IN THE WAREHOUSE
AT GENEVA,
SWITZERLAND



SAINTS FORGE AHEAD

gium, Holland, and Germany, and some of the underprivileged children of these lands were cared for by the Saints. In Hamburg, Germany, an energetic welfare program was providing for the needy, the homeless, and the orphaned. Finally when that city was almost totally demolished through concentrated mass bombings—four of our five branch chapels being completely destroyed, over sixty members in one branch being killed within two weeks, many others wounded, crippled, or rendered homeless, widowed or orphaned—the district president, being himself

projects have been undertaken throughout the various missions in Europe, each testifying more eloquently than words of the true love and brotherhood existing among the Church members. With the receipt

From Ezra Taft Benson
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE
PRESIDENT OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION
as reported by
Frederick W. Babbel
SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT BENSON

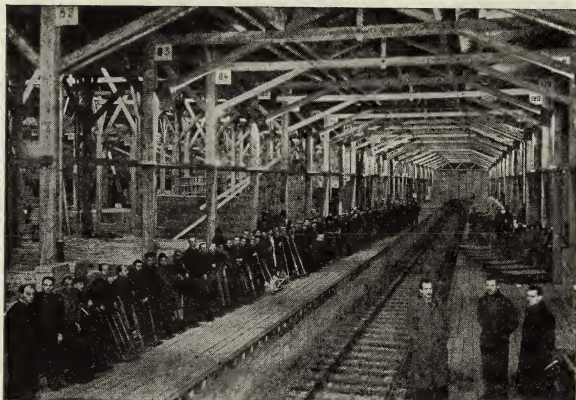
Even in Germany and Austria, where conditions are still most critical, welfare supplies are beginning to be distributed; meeting halls are being rented or rebuilt from the ruins; and an energetic missionary program—carried on entirely by local brethren—is meeting with gratifying success.

SOME of the meetings held with the Saints, often in cold, unlighted, unheated, bombed-out buildings, will never be forgotten. We have seen these devoted members assembled, their faces and bodies revealing the horrors of war and the ghastliness of approaching starvation, shivering as they sang the songs of Zion with great fervor, yet with a smile on their upturned faces. Tears of gratitude have streamed down their hollow cheeks as they expressed through parched and swollen lips their gratitude for the gospel and the blessings it has brought to them. In all of our meetings with them we have encountered no spirit of bitterness, no feeling of hopeless despair, but instead a heartfelt gratitude for their faith in the gospel, for their membership in the Church, and for their testimonies of the divinity of the mission and teachings of Jesus Christ.

The reception accorded us by the Saints has been most outstanding. Halls, though drab and uninviting, have been profusely decorated with lovely flowers and changed into places of worship. On occasion the children have strewn flowers along the aisle as President Benson walked through the meeting hall to take his place upon the stand. Tokens and favors of all sorts and descriptions have been tendered him. Often the Saints have sung songs in English to express their love and esteem. These good people have endeared themselves in a way that will live for-

(Continued on page 664)

623



CREW WORKERS AT THE INTERNATIONAL
RED CROSS WAREHOUSE AT THE
LOADING PLATFORM

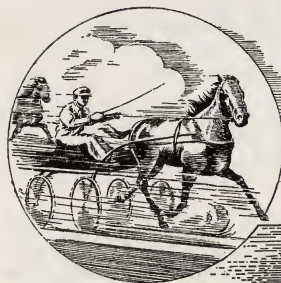
rendered homeless for the second time, called the remaining able-bodied members together to meet this new catastrophe. It was decided to pool all remaining food, clothing, and household supplies and apportion them to the membership according to need as far as they would reach. In addition, a special fund was raised with which to purchase available materials to be used in patching and sewing needed articles of clothing. Some of the brethren secured small garden plots on the outskirts of the city; usable bricks, and wooden beams were salvaged from among the smoldering ruins, and soon rude shelters were constructed to house the membership from the cold of the approaching winter.

These and many equally inspiring

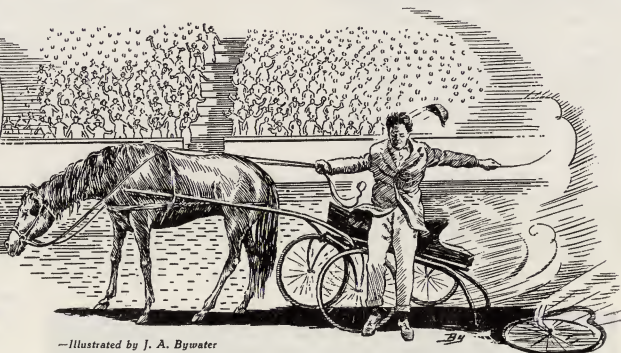
of welfare commodities from Zion, their hearts are full of gratitude and appreciation for the invaluable help these supplies have provided.

Since the arrival of mission presidents, many of the missions are busily engaged in welfare projects in the hope that they may be entirely self-sustaining by the middle of 1947. Many branches have established building funds. Some have already located suitable buildings to be used as meetinghouses, and others have either purchased or are negotiating for the purchase of lands upon which to build new chapels. The spirit of building extends even to such things as proposed missionwide Mutual Improvement Association resort and recreation projects.

UNDER FULL CONTROL



By Marvin O. Ashton
OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC



—Illustrated by J. A. Bywater

LET me tell you about this horse.

A few months ago my doctor-neighbor said to me, "Bishop, there's a horse show in Kaysville tonight. Let's go." We went. It wasn't a horse race. It was a show where these beautiful animals were shown off. Whenever you get a chance to see a good horse show, be there. I have forgotten most of what took place that night but the act one particular horse gave us. She was a beautiful bay creature. A good-sized man would have to stand on tiptoes to reach the top of her magnificent head. She really looked the part—one of man's greatest friends.

They first put a saddle on her. Then with a little gentle coaxing from the rider she went into the five gaits. She walked, she trotted, she paced, she did the single foot, and then off with a little gallop. But this feat didn't inspire me too much—I had seen that done before.

They then threw off the saddle and put her between a pair of shafts, drawing a buggy. This is no more than a small four-wheeled pneumatic-tired buggy. The vehicle was so light a lad could throw the whole thing over his shoulder. (I'm exaggerating, but I'm enjoying it.)

The driver climbed into the seat made for one only, tightened up the reins, and away she charged around that track. Every eye in that crowded grandstand was riveted on

that parcel of dynamite plunging around the disk. From the grandstand you could very nearly see those big veins that led to her aristocratic nostrils. If ever there was a display in horseflesh, of gunpowder, and of ginger, it was in that animal as she split the air showing her speed to the crowd. Her front feet hit the terra firma as though it were the last stroke she would make on this earth. What a sight—it animated everyone. As she was in the height of her glory showing us what she could do, my doctor friend poked me in the ribs and broke forth from his animation: "If the Lord made only a horse, every stroke she makes shouts to the world there is a God—there is a Creator." Those leather veins were as though they were made of steel. It seemed such a force was pulling them from her bit, if they had been attached to a thirty-ton car of coal her determined, yet sensitive mouth would have drawn the load.

Up to this point I am trying to picture the thrill of five thousand people. As the crowd sat spellbound, something happened with that horse and buggy that brought everyone in the grandstand to his feet—an accident. Just as that horse hit the northwest curve, the speed of the turn was too much for that toy vehicle—too great a burden on that flimsy wheel. It crumbled like a peanut shell.

What's going to happen to those

people in the wake of that pair of shafts holding that piece of T.N.T. animal explosive? (By the way, I have seen what runaway shafts will do. I have seen them make a hole in an oncoming horse's foot and a half deep.) Everyone arose as if he had been pushed up automatically by the earth itself.

Well, what did happen? The driver rolled out of the buggy—we expected that—nothing else could have been expected. But sometimes a horse in a runaway becomes blind—she is oblivious to what she's doing. Not that horse that night—as the wheel crashed, she stopped like a cow. All that gunpowder we have been talking about became a limp lump—what a moment before was a meteor, now was a relaxed and steady animal.

The spectators too relaxed—gave their applause. Why had she taken hold of herself—why such control? *She was a thoroughbred.*

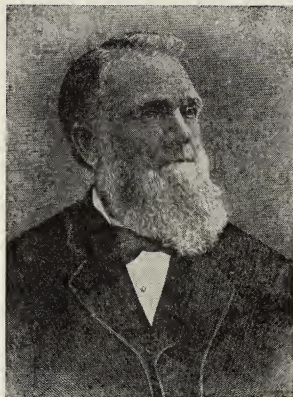
I wouldn't give ten cents for a boy that won't wriggle—a boy that hasn't in his system a bunch of nitroglycerin. But I like to see him wriggle at the right time. A colt that won't kick up her heels won't break many records on the race track. *We are talking about control.*

UNDER the hood of every healthy auto are at least one hundred horses playing with the bit—each ready for its master to say "Get up."

(Concluded on page 657)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

A Visit to DAVID WHITMER



FRANKLIN DEWEY RICHARDS
President of the Council of the Twelve at the
time the picture was taken

IN the spring of 1885, my father, Apostle Franklin Dewey Richards, and I were needing a few days' rest and vacation from our work. For several years he had desired to visit the site of the Old Stockade of Pueblo in Colorado—near which was buried the body of his younger brother, Joseph William Richards, who was enrolled as a drummer boy in the Mormon Battalion and who, after months of fatiguing service, too arduous for his youthful frame, was stricken with a mortal illness, and died on the nineteenth day of November 1846. If Father had been successful in locating his brother's grave, he desired to arrange for the erection of a suitable monument to mark the sacred place. After visiting Pueblo, Father desired to visit the states of Missouri and Illinois and view the scenes where the cruel atrocities were flagrantly committed upon the Latter-day Saints by their enemies, and which culminated in the final expulsion of the Saints from those states. Among those terrible crimes was the slaughter of another of Father's younger brothers, George Spencer Richards, then but fifteen years of age, who was one of nearly a score of peaceful and defenseless settlers, who were butchered at Haun's Mill, by an armed mob, and their bodies thrown into an old well and covered with rocks and soil.

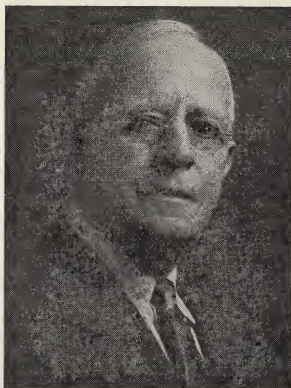
My father, my mother, and their parents were among those who had been recipients of such cruelties and expul-

By Charles C. Richards

sion, and Father had desired for several years to return and view the sacred grounds from which they had been so ruthlessly driven by the mobs and forces of violence. In the carrying out of Father's desires, he and I left our home at Ogden, Utah, on the ninth day of May 1885, and in succession we visited Pueblo, Denver, Kansas City, Independence, Chicago, Carthage, Nauvoo and, as our last call, we visited and interviewed David Whitmer, the then survivor of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon.

WE had spent two very busy, interesting and profitable days in Nauvoo, visiting, viewing and contemplating the successes and tragic experiences of the Saints and their beloved Prophet, and our minds were well prepared to interview and consider whatever David Whitmer might tell us of the sacred proceedings connected with the presentation of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated.

On the twenty-second day of May



CHARLES C. RICHARDS

1885, my father and I visited David Whitmer at Richmond, Missouri, and had a very friendly, informative and profitable interview with him. The conversation was carried on, mainly, by

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE Honorable Charles C. Richards, whose testimony concerning his visit to David Whitmer is here recorded, is a qualified witness and a competent observer of men. Born in Salt Lake City, September 16, 1859, he is a lawyer of high repute. He was the last secretary of the Territory of Utah, to which office he was appointed by President Grover Cleveland. He was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States nearly 59 years ago. And in September 1919, during the administration of President Woodrow Wilson, he was appointed and served as an Assistant Attorney General of the United States. He has been a prosecuting attorney, a legislator of experience, a university regent, an influential statesman and public officer, and a successful business and civic leader. While acting governor, on August 1, 1894, he issued his proclamation ordering the election of delegates to form the Constitutional Convention, and on January 6, 1896, he formally delivered possession of the executive offices to the governor of the new state. During the recent fiftieth anniversary of Utah's admittance to statehood, January 4, 1946, he was prominently featured as a speaker and guest of honor in the public presentations which commemorated this notable event. Any testimony from him carries the weight of a seasoned observer, whose profession has been to weigh evidence and to appraise men.

my father and Mr. Whitmer but, at what I considered an opportune moment, I said that we would appreciate being told, if Mr. Whitmer felt like telling us some of the incidents connected with the vision he had at the time the plates were shown to him and to the other witnesses. Mr. Whitmer turned his large, kind, but penetrating eyes upon me, and in a very pleasant and considerate, but firm and steady voice said:

"Read the printed testimony of the three witnesses, which you will find on one of the front pages of the Book of Mormon—and I say to you that every word of it is true."

A very complete and interesting account of that visit with David Whitmer, as well as of our visits to Independence, Nauvoo, Carthage, and other prominent points of early Church activities and persecutions, was given by my father, over his signature and, but five weeks after our return home, addressed to the editor of the *Deseret News*, and was published in the *Deseret News—Supplement*—of June 27, 1885. In that letter Father said:

(Concluded on page 664)

• — TO FIT THE BURDEN

LISSA came into her mother-in-law's house, glowing with her secret. She was so happy, so triumphant that she felt as if her news were shining through her eyes, gleaming in the golden swirls of her light curls, sparkling in her smile.

She went straight to Mrs. Parrish and kissed her, not dutifully as she had been doing of late, but joyously, lovingly.

Her mother-in-law asked, a trifle coldly, "Where's Kenneth?"

Lissa answered brightly, "He'll be over later. He's getting out copy for a special booklet and had to work awhile yet."

Ken's older sister, Ethel, looked up, frowning.

"Do you think he ought to go about so much alone after dark?" she asked. "After all—"

Lissa looked at her sister-in-law thoughtfully.

"After all," she said gently, "it doesn't make one bit of difference to Ken, you know, whether it is light or dark."

"Melissa!" Ken's mother said sharply. "How callous you are!"

"Not callous, Mother Parrish," Lissa defended herself quietly, "just honest."

"But I do think you shouldn't let

Kenneth work so hard," Mrs. Parrish went on. "After all, he can't be perfectly well yet, you know. And his job must be twice as hard for him, in spite of his courage, as it would be for a man who isn't—" her voice caught as it always did when she thought directly of her son's blindness, "handicapped."

Lissa decided suddenly that her news could wait. She said, trying to be gentle and understanding, "You worry too much about Ken, Mother Parrish. He's all right. It's true he has an uphill pull, but he can make it."

Ken's mother looked steadily at her son's wife. She said, "I'm afraid you don't understand Kenneth. I'm his mother, and I know his nature and disposition. He is sensitive, Melissa, and proud. He works because you expect him to work, and he will keep on working till something breaks. He's been through things down there in those islands we can't even guess, and he ought to rest and get back his normal outlook. He'd need this, even if he hadn't lost his sight. He needs it more than ever now. I wish you could see that!"

Lissa had heard this argument over and over during the past four months, but tonight she didn't want to get into a controversy. She thought, "I can't ever make her see that I, too, understand Ken—that I understand him without that overwhelming solicitude that colors her point of view. It's no use trying any more." She asked, "Where's Dad?"

Her mother-in-law nodded toward the back garden, and Lissa said, "I guess I'll go and say hello to him."

SHE WENT through the French doors and across the little patio her father-in-law had built while Ken was overseas. He'd had to do something in the long

hours after work, and he had turned to his garden. Lissa understood Ken's father, and he understood her. The tenuous, secret bond of sympathy between them had never been mentioned, but it was there, warm and palpable, and baffling to Ken's mother and sisters.

Ken's father was working among his dahlias. Lissa went down the walk toward him, and as she went her happiness came back, strong and clean, and her lips parted in a smile of joy.

The man straightened up and smiled. Lissa could see the pleasure written plainly across his fine face,



handsome in spite of an old bayonet scar that cut across the sensitive features, distorting them shockingly. He was so much like Ken, Lissa thought tenderly, his splendid brown eyes so much like the eyes that had smiled into hers so long ago—the eyes that would never smile into hers again.

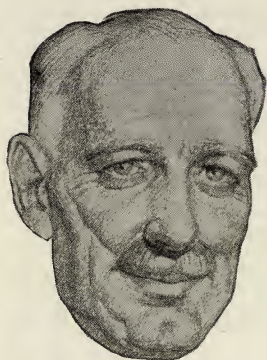
Lissa's throat tightened; tears stung her eyes; but she tossed the thought away with a valiant shake of her tawny head and went straight and smiling to Ken's father, her hands outstretched.

"What is it, Lissa?" he asked, smiling down at her, taking her outstretched hands in his firm, lean fingers, so much like his son's. "What's



—Illustrated by Alvin L. Gittins

By Olive Woolley Burt



happened to give you that glory-look?"

"We're going to have a baby!" Lissa said breathlessly. "You are going to be a grandfather!"

"No!" he cried happily. "Oh, I'm so glad for you both, my dear!" He tilted her face upward and kissed her tenderly.

"We're glad, too!" she said, and her blue eyes grew twinkly. "It seems too wonderful to have happened to us. No!" she caught herself sharply, "I won't say that. Nothing is too wonderful to happen to us!"

The man grinned at her, and she read the message from his heart to hers in spite of the distortion of his features caused by the old scar. Lissa smiled at him fondly.

"You spoil Ken and me," she said, "so I pity the poor child that's coming. You'll spoil it, too!"

"I'm afraid I shall," he admitted cheerfully.

"And if you didn't I'd disown you!" she cried gaily. "What are grandfathers for, anyway?"

"Oh, Lissa!" the man said again, shaking his head in wonder at the girl's youth and beauty and happiness. "It's marvelous."

KEN's mother had come through the French door and was coming across the lawn.

"What's marvelous?" she asked,

her cool voice checking Lissa's excitement.

But Lissa wasn't going to be daunted.

"Ken and I are going to have a baby, Mother Parrish," she said quietly, trying to keep the ring of triumph out of her voice.

Mrs. Parrish drew back, shrinking away from the girl as if in distaste.

"No!" she cried, and Lissa couldn't help contrasting her mother-in-law's exclamation with her husband's. Mrs. Parrish was staring at her daughter-in-law.

"I can't understand you, Melissa!" she cried. "You used to be gentle and sweet. But ever since Kenneth came back you have been hard and cruel, and—yes, I will say it—driving! And now to burden him with the responsibility of a child!"

Lissa kept her voice steady, her eyes calm.

"We thought it was for the best," she said. "We both want children."

"Of course, you do," the older woman went on, passionately now. "But we can't have everything we want in this world. I want Kenneth whole and strong again, as he was before the war — failing that, I want Kenneth to be happy and unworried, to be able to enjoy the small portion of life left to him—I don't have what I want. Kenneth can't have what he wants. No one can have everything he wants. But if a person loves, he can sacrifice some of his own desires and help others come that much nearer to happiness."

Ken's father's hand closed over Lissa's, silently comforting.

"Now, Mother," he began, but his wife went on, "It's the truth, Les. You know it. I remember the day Kenneth came home—"

Lissa remembered, too. Lissa remembered Ken's coming up the walk between the sunshine of the blossoming forsythias, tall and lean and brown, and wearing his uniform with that special grace that comes only to those who have suffered the full measure for what that uniform means.

Lissa had flown into his arms, so

glad to have him back again, to have his dear, remembered lips upon hers, that she would not see the dark glasses that shadowed his eyes, would not acknowledge the hand on the harness of the seeing eye dog, its knuckles white with tension.

But Ken's mother and sisters had seen the glasses and the hand on the dog, and they, who had hidden their tears so bravely when Ken left, now broke down and sobbed against his uniform.

Lissa, watching the brave angle of Ken's shoulders droop, the firm line of his lips waver under their pity, had made a staunch resolution. She would take Ken away from this—

"You wouldn't give him even one night in his old home—not one night!" Tears fell down the woman's cheeks as she spoke.

No, Lissa knew she hadn't given Ken a night at home. They had planned to stay there for the first few days, but Lissa, frantic over what they were doing to Ken, had suddenly changed her mind and had insisted on going to their own little apartment.

Lissa felt the pressure of Ken's father's hand upon her cold fingers, and she smiled at him, reassuringly. He had stood by her, she knew. When Ken's mother had appealed to him for help in keeping them there so that Ken could rest—could get his beatings, she had said—his father had insisted gently, "But, Mother, that's not our problem."

(Continued on page 659)



•—EVEN THE HUMBLEST

By S. Dilworth Young

OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

As I travel about the country, visiting the branches of the missions, and attending conferences in the stakes, one very important fact forces itself upon me constantly. This fact is the intense loyalty and devotion to the principles of the gospel, and to the Church leaders, by the great body of humble folk, who, not seeking and certainly not receiving, renown, serve without grumbling wherever they are placed. They do the most onerous and arduous tasks cheerfully and unflinchingly. It is apparent that to some it is given to stand in pulpits and sway multitudes; to others comes the gift of presidency in wards, in stakes, or in missions; and to still others is given the gift of obedience and humble service.

Among this latter group are found those who do menial tasks for the sake of the gospel. Scattered families of them live in regions far from the gathering places of the Saints.

They carry a great portion of the expense of missionaries because a surprisingly large proportion of our boys and girls in the missions of the Church are their sons and daughters. Occasionally they, in the sunset of their years, and full of faith and devotion, take the carefully hoarded savings of a lifetime and go forth willingly to preach the gospel to everyone who will listen.

I see them continually as I travel. I meet them in the most unexpected places. Recently I ate lunch with a humble and stalwart family in Fort Wayne, Indiana. I learned from them that this city has been their home for many years. They have been solid and sturdy havens of refuge for discouraged missionaries, and for members, too, who sometimes wavered. They have no doubt; they have no fear. They are calm and true in an era of doubt and indifference.

Then I saw a man in a small town in Illinois who had joined the Church in 1910. The simple eloquence of the words he used in bearing his testimony moved me deeply.

He has kept his family together in spite of the tides of opposition and temptation until his loyal descendants number seventy-one faithful souls.

Here is the story of two such devoted people. I found them in Farmer City, Illinois. Two missionaries, one presiding as branch presi-



AUGUST WILHELM REYMANN

dent, and the other serving as an assistant in the Relief Society, caretakers of a house used as a chapel, speaking English with a broad accent, but withal making light of their difficulties and chuckling over the human qualities of their charges and of the townspeople generally.

He was born in Bremen, Germany, December 16, 1876. She was born in the same city September 10, 1875—which makes them seventy and seventy-one years of age. They "accepted the gospel" (how easily we pass over the intense human struggle, mentally and spiritually, of joining the Church, by the phrase "accepted the gospel"), and were baptized—he in November 1900, and she in August 1901. Prior to her baptism she left Bremen, but the missionaries advised her to return and stay there. She obeyed and met her future husband. There they were married.

They came to Salt Lake City in 1904. The trials they had in reach-

ing Salt Lake City were small compared to those which they later endured. He contracted typhoid and was near death for three months. Who nursed him? Who bought the medicine? Who paid the rent and the doctor? Who bought the food? She doesn't say how she did it, but she did it. Furthermore, she promised the Lord that if her husband's life could be spared she would do whatever the leaders of the Church should ask of her. She also prayed that if the Lord wanted her husband, to take him, but to help her never to lose her testimony. He lived. Can you visualize the physical effort it would take a lonely German girl, speaking very little English, to go out working days and nights at the



LOUISE MARGARET CATHERINE
HELMKEN REYMANN

servant girl wage level of 1904, and then afterwards, to come home and somehow care for her husband?

They struggled later to build a little home. Those who had material to sell and money to lend liked their thrift, honesty, and industry, and helped them with loans.

Then the Church called him on a mission to Germany. He went. She kept him there. Could you, even in this day of high wages, working in homes doing ironing, washing, cleaning, make enough to keep yourself fed and clothed, and your husband on a mission? She did. Every month there was sent to his mission headquarters a draft for twenty-five dollars. She laughs now, as she sits in her Farmer City chapel-home and recounts how, very often, she didn't

(Concluded on page 644)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

"THE CHURCH *of the* LIVING GOD"

By
GUNNAR RASMUSON

At different times during the past several years, efforts have been made to create a closer union between the various Protestant churches. It has even been suggested that all of these churches consolidate and form one large united Protestant organization.

Many prominent American businessmen have given this matter a great deal of attention, among them John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who for years has been an active and earnest member of the Baptist Church. On the invitation of the Protestant Council of the City of New York, Mr. Rockefeller addressed a dinner meeting on this subject in New York in January 1945.

In that address he maintained that, "Christianity has not failed; churches may have failed, but not Christianity." He further declared that never in the history of the world was Christianity a more vital force in human life than it is today, but that the church was not in close enough contact with its people. The church, he said, had not learned to speak the language of the common people, to think in terms of their environment, to meet their needs.

Mr. Rockefeller recommended a solution for this dilemma. If it is true that the church is failing, he said, one of two things is inevitable. "Either this unorganized spiritual force which is silently dominating millions of lives will not be conserved or the church must have a new birth." He then proposed a reborn church, which he named, "The Church of the Living God."

Commenting on the ritual and the requirement for membership in the proposed church, he said, "Baptism is an ordinance of profound symbolic meaning. Christ himself was baptized. He did not, however, make baptism a condition of church membership."

And then he continued by asking:

In the face of the great problems of sin, of evil, and of the spiritual hunger which confront the world today, can we imagine that, were Christ to come to earth again, he would regard the observance or non-observance of baptism or the sacrament or other ordinances and individual beliefs, or the manner in which they are observed as of sufficient importance to justify contro-

versy among his followers and their separation into rival factions?

He immediately answered his own question by saying:

Let ordinance, creed, ritual, form, Biblical interpretation, theology, all be used to enrich worship, and to bring the believer into a fuller understanding of Him whom we worship, as each individual or separate church may find them helped toward that end. But God forbid, that they should ever, any of them, divert the attention from, or be regarded as a substitute for, that personal, spiritual relation between the soul and its God which is the essence of true religion. God forbid that they should be allowed to cause divisions among the followers of Christ or be set up as barriers at the door of any branch of the "Church of the Living God."

WE may agree that a religious organization, such as proposed, would perhaps do much good in the world. But it would never fill the requirements for those who really hunger and thirst for the word of God.

In considering the arguments, first of all, we should remember that if the organization contemplated would really be the "Church of the Living God" or the kingdom of God, as suggested, then only God himself should stipulate the requirements for membership in it. Neither we, nor anyone else, would have a right to decree what should, or should not be done, to gain admission. When we are outside that church or kingdom, we have no right to stipulate the conditions under which we will affiliate with it. If it is his church, then why should not he prescribe its entrance requirements?

No individual who has lived on earth has ever been closer to God than was his son, Jesus Christ. As a member of the Godhead, Jesus had assisted in arranging the plan of salvation. He knew what was required, and he set the pattern for the rest of God's children to follow. And that is exactly what he did do while living upon this earth as a man.

Different religious sects and or-

ganizations flourished in Palestine when Jesus lived in Nazareth as a boy and as a youth. There were the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Essenes, and several other influential sects. But to none of these did Jesus go when he was ready to begin his ministry. He went to John the Baptist and demanded to be baptized. He went to John because he knew that John the Baptist was divinely called to usher in the Dispensation of the Meridian of Time. Christ knew that John and his converts were the only ones at that time who had the authority to preach the word of God and to baptize for the remission of sins.

When that ceremony was performed, the approval from on high came when a voice from heaven proclaimed, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (Matthew 3:17.) To testify further of the divine acceptance and approval of the baptism, the Holy Ghost descended on Jesus in the form of a dove.

Since the labors of Jesus covered a mere three years, it is evident that he had no time for any nonessentials. His baptism was intended as an example, as a pattern, for others to follow if they desired to accept the plan of salvation proclaimed by Jesus and his apostles. We remember that Jesus told Nicodemus that unless a man be born of the water and the spirit, he could not enter the kingdom of God. Shortly after this utterance, Jesus and his disciples came into the land of Judea, "... and there he tarried with them, and baptized." (John 3:22.) No wonder then that the final message of the Savior to his apostles, prior to his ascension into heaven, was the admonition:

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: ... (Matthew 28:19, 20.)

On the day of Pentecost, following the ascension of the Savior, wonderful manifestations and the powerful preaching of Peter caused the astonished people to ask what they should do. To this Peter replied:

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Fine METAL

By LORNA FRANCIS

BEHIND the bright facade and sparkling windows of Randall's Hardware, Sam Randall watched the passers-by on Main Street. He rested his left foot on the floor of the display window and leaned on the elevated knee, his thumbs in his vest.

He had an excellent view of the gleaming black-tiled front of Gleeker's Restaurant, the Candy Kitchen, and the line slowly forming in front of the Bijou Theater.

With a start he leaned forward, almost losing his balance. He snapped his fingers, and his lips puckered in a soundless whistle.

He couldn't mistake the figure that slid unobtrusively into the theater line with a guilty glance over a shoulder towards the hardware store. The gabardine coat hanging open, hands thrust in pockets, the plaid tie, the shock of wavy, dark hair, were those of his son, Paul, who ought at this moment to be in school.

Sam stood motionless, rattling some coins in his pocket, and watched the line advance into the theater. His patient, squarish face fell into perplexed lines. He had been aware of restiveness and rebellion growing in Paul for some time. It was only yesterday that he had become conscious of the cause.

At lunch time yesterday he was cleaning his shoes off on the rag rug inside the kitchen door the way Anna, his wife, liked him to do, when she burst out:

"Did you see that lawn, Sam?"

"Lawn?" Sam looked inquiringly.

"Our lawn, Sam. If I've told that boy once, I've told him a dozen times to cut it. I ask you, is it cut?"

Sam peered from the window. "Doesn't look like it." He rubbed his hand through his thinning hair.

"Paul's bone lazy. That's all there is to it." Anna's face was flushed and troubled.

Paul at sixteen was growing too fast, Sam knew, and he was prepared to forgive a certain listlessness. Why, he glanced at the mark on the back of the door, the kid was almost up to the six-foot-two mark that Gerry had left behind him. Pain stabbed Sam as he thought of the elder son who had marched away with his head high and would never come back. Gerry would have been twenty-four now. Sam's heart softened towards Paul.

"Don't be too hard on the boy, Anna," he said. "His strength's all going into growth."

"Hard on him, Sam Randall!" Anna gave the fried potatoes a push back on the stove and stood with her hands on

her hips, the fork still clutched in one. "The trouble is, you're too easy with him. He's not doing well at school, never touches his books at home. Besides," she went on, "it's his attitude I don't like. He's sulky half the time. You'll have to do something about him, Sam. I can't."

The kitchen door opened, and Paul came in. He tossed an armful of books on the chair in the corner.

"I thought I told you to get that lawn cut last night, young man." Anna brandished her fork.

"Uh-huh." Paul sat down. All his bones seemed to collapse. His legs stretched an enormous distance in front of him.

"I want it done tonight." Anna's mouth closed in a firm line. "Believe me, I wouldn't have had to ask Gerry twice."

Sam saw a closed look come over the boy's face. He sat in sullen silence.

"We're ready to eat," Anna said. She almost tripped over the extended legs that Paul was slow in gathering under him. They went into the dining room where the bright sunshine seemed, to Sam, to emphasize the likeness in the two faces before him. There were the same narrowness of the contour of the face, the same dark eyes, the same droop to the sensitive lips.

"Another thing," Anna went on as they sat down, "I never had to tell Gerry to fix himself up before a meal. His hair was always combed and he looked neat."

Paul ignored the hint. He sat still with a stubbornly set chin. Sam was acutely conscious of the boy. He wanted to say, "Go easy about Gerry," to Anna. But he couldn't hurt her. Whenever Anna spoke of Gerry, which was too often, Sam thought, with his eyes on Paul's face, it seemed like a release of her pent-up grief. No, he couldn't say anything to Anna.

Anna scolded the boy about his schoolwork, too, during lunch, not forgetting to dwell on Gerry's flawless scholastic record. Paul finally got up, stood glowering for a moment as though he might break into some violent speech, then wordlessly he shoved his chair in so that the table shook, and stalked rather blindly from the room.

SAM's one clerk came in from an errand, Sam was still standing in the window. He was no nearer a solution of his problem. If he told Anna frankly that it was her fault, in part at least,

she'd bottle everything up inside her; talking about Gerry was Anna's safety valve. If he aggravated Paul—well, he was like a piece of highly-tempered steel; put on the wrong kind of pressure, and you had two pieces in your hands.

Sam roused from his position. His foot was asleep. He rubbed his leg vigorously and went behind the back counter. He began absently putting two-inch finishing nails into the two-inch common bin, his lips puckered again in his soundless whistle. He was still there when Doc Farley came in. The pie tins in the front corner rattled with the vigor of Doc's slam of the door.

Doc came back to him and leaned across the counter, his ruddy face glowing.

"Hi, Sam," he wheezed, "how about some new hinges for my gate?"

Sam made a feeble attempt at the usual banter he carried on with Doc. His eyes rested on Doc's face. Then he looked down at the nails. "Look what I've done!" he muttered. "Those things'll have to be all picked out of there."

"What's the matter with you, Sam?" Doc asked.

Sam went to get the hinges. "These the right size?" he inquired. He began to wrap them slowly. His long fingers twined in the string and snapped it. "I'm worried, Doc. I'm worried about Paul."

Doc Farley said: "I noticed him the other day. Growing pretty fast. He was all right, though, last time I checked him over."

Sam said thoughtfully, "Another check-up mightn't be a bad idea. I'll bring him in tonight if that's all right."

"Sure," Doc turned away.

"Wait, Doc," Sam called. "If you've a minute or two, I'd like to talk to you." He said to the clerk, "Start sorting out these nails again, will you, Tom? My fault. Come on out here, Doc." He led him into the back room.

By some housewife's grapevine Anna had already heard about Paul's afternoon escapade when Sam came home that night. After dinner she went out leaving Sam and Paul alone with a significant look at Sam that said, "Now's your chance. Get busy."

Sam said: "Come with me, Paul. I want Doc Farley to look you over." He noted as they went out that Paul's books still lay on the chair where he

had tossed them the day before. The lawn was still not cut, but Sam said nothing.

"You're getting to be an awful size," Doc, Farley told Paul. "Here, say 'Ah.'" He squinted down the boy's throat. He examined his chest. "What a chest!" he exclaimed. "Just like a barrel. Never saw anything like it except Gerry's."

Sam saw Paul stiffen, and his mouth tighten.

"But," Doc went on, "Gerry always slumped till they got him out on the parade ground. This boy holds his shoulders up." He gave Paul a whack on the chest.

"It's funny," he said fishing out a prescription pad from the welter of pens, samples, blotters, and empty bottles—that was Doc's desk, "speaking of Gerry. I was thinking about him today. I'll never forget how frightened that kid was of our dog. You remember that brindle, Sam? Gentle as a kitten, really," Doc sniffed, "in spite of what people said. But he got under Gerry's skin."

Sam said reminiscently, "Yes, sir, Gerry'd come high-tailing for home whenever he saw that dog."

Doc scratched his head and laughed. "Remember, Sam, all the fuss when Gerry and Joe Patterson pulled down McGarity's sign? And the time he broke all Mrs. Hanson's garage windows with a sling shot?"

Sam said carefully: "I'm not likely to forget. They were both hard on my pocket. And I don't suppose you knew it at the time, Doc, but Gerry got himself into a scrape over in Stanton with a couple of other fellows. It was just high spirits. Started with some rough-house in a restaurant. But it could have been serious." He stopped suddenly. "We shouldn't be saying this in front of Paul. I'll bet he's never heard of these things. Mother keeps the door

closed on all these little family skeletons, eh, Paul?"

Doc said: "Here, Paul," he scribbled on his pad, "a few vitamins will help keep those shoulders up. You're right as rain, all through, boy."

"Thanks, Doc. Thanks a lot," Sam said. "Let's go home this way, Paul," he went on as they emerged into the street. They strolled silently along to the square in front of the courthouse. Sam took off his hat and stood, a gaunt figure, before the scroll of honor where the gilded names shone in the lamp-light. From the corner of his eye he could see Paul's shoulders held very straight.

"Doc's talking about Gerry tonight, the way he did," he said at last, "put me in mind of a lot of things. All the scrapes Gerry got into, just like you. The times he was frightened. He must have been frightened out there, too, just like you or I would be. And when you know those things, I don't know, but it makes it seem a lot grander to me that he could be so doggoned wonderful, getting decorated and everything." Sam's voice broke a little.

Paul's words came out in a rush. "Everybody's always made him out so wonderful—Gerry, I mean. It just seems no use trying to live up to somebody like that. But Doc's saying those things—well, I don't know, it makes me feel different—" He fumbled for more words. "You know what it's like, Dad. Mother's always holding him up as an example, sort of—"

"That's women for you," Sam said. "Mother, now, she only remembers the good things. I'll bet you couldn't convince her that Gerry ever screamed with colic when he was a baby. I know he did. I walked the floor with him. With us men, it's a bit different. We can remember those things and know that a fellow can measure up all right

in spite of them. But look, Son," he touched Paul's arm, "I don't think if I were you I'd say anything to Mother about those things Doc was talking about. It might kind of spoil things for her."

"Yes, Dad," Paul agreed anxiously, "or—that is, I mean no."

WHEN they were home, Sam said, "Come upstairs, Son. There's something I've intended doing for a while back."

He opened the door that Anna kept closed, the door to Gerry's room. It was just as the boy had left it—school pictures, pennants on the wall; a football on the window seat. The clothes closet emitted a strong odor of camphor when Sam opened the door.

There were knife edges to the pants of the pin-striped suit. Gray flannel trousers, the old denim work pants, the faded school sweater with the crest. Anna had kept everything just as if the boy might walk in at any minute. There was a row of shoes on the floor, tennis shoes, heavy brogues, and a pair of the finest gleaming leather.

Sam knelt down, remembering first to pull up the knees of his own pants the way Anna liked him to do, and picked up the glossy pair. He stood up and ran his fingers caressingly across the toes. The soles were barely marked.

"Nice shoes, eh?" he asked Paul.

Paul nodded, standing uneasily, his hands hanging awkwardly by his side.

"Nicer shoes than you've ever had, aren't they?" Sam went on.

"Yes, Dad." There was a quiver in the corners of the boy's sensitive mouth.

Sam thrust the shoes at Paul. "Here, try 'em on. It took a mighty big fellow to fill them. I think the time has come when you can fill them, too, if you try hard enough. See what you can do about it." He gave Paul's arm a squeeze and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

SAM was waked next morning by a whirring, grinding noise. Anna sat up. "Whatever's that?" She started out of bed.

"Paul's cutting the lawn," Sam said with a little chuckle.

"For landsake, it's hardly daylight. The Clarks will be wild. They sleep late."

"If Paul's arrested for disturbing the peace, I'll bail him out," Sam said happily.

Anna marveled, "Whatever did you do to get him going like this?"

"Oh," Sam grinned complacently in the half darkness, "I laid him out properly, I tell you." He twisted his pillow more comfortably under his head and prepared to go back to sleep. "I'll bet the kid's got those shoes on out in that damp grass," he said to himself. "When she sees them, Anna's going to raise the roof. But," he yawned and relaxed, "Paul's going to fit into them all right."

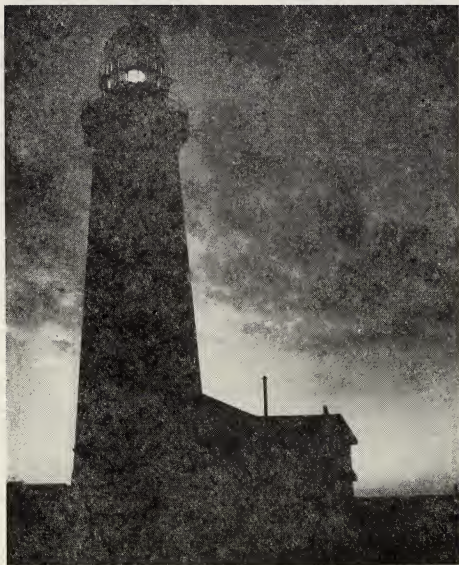


Illustrated by
John Henry Evans, Jr.

LIGHTHOUSES

Shine Again!

By
GENEVIA
I. COLE



MONTAUK
LIGHTHOUSE
AT
EASTERN END
OF
LONG
ISLAND

Photograph
by Montkneyer
Press
Photo
Service

THERE is no armistice for those who battle the elements as they "go down to the sea in ships" and travel the centuries-old trade routes. But no matter what the weather, these ships and their men have learned to look for the friendly light that flashes its warning of troubled waters ahead. This is the story of lighthouses—silent partners which guard the safety of the world's water-borne commerce.

Modern lighthouses date from the building of the Eddystone lighthouse fourteen miles from Plymouth by John M. Smeaton, 1755-59, who built a circular tower, with the stones dovetailed. In 1877 work was begun on a new Eddystone lighthouse to replace Smeaton's, which was not high enough to keep the waves from washing over the lantern. It was made 132 feet high from high water level to the focal plane of the lantern; and was made of interlocked stones further held together by bronze bolts. It was completed in 1882.

"White man want to build house to put light in it. We no want white man here," the Indians said, when we wanted to build Cape Flattery Lighthouse offshore on Tatoosh Island. In order to keep the Indians in their place, we had

to build a blockhouse. Twenty muskets with ammunition were kept ready for use at any moment for protection against Indians from the Canadian side of the strait. But after great difficulty with the Indians the lighthouse was finished in 1857. Soon after, however, the keeper resigned, because he was annoyed by the many Indians, who used the island as a fishing and whaling station. It is now electrified and fitted with a compressed-air-operated fog signal.

During violent storms, furious waves hurl themselves with fury against Tillamook Rock, where stands Tillamook Rock Lighthouse, which is one mile offshore, at Tillamook Head. It is one of the most exposed stations of the Pacific Coast. Although the lantern is 133 feet above the level of the sea, the protective glass has on several occasions been shattered to bits by stones hurled by giant waves. While they were building the station, a lighthouse engineer lost his life during an attempted landing on the rock. In 1938 while extensive repairs were being made to the lighthouse following a disastrous storm, a keeper and a workman were taken seriously ill as a result of exposure. A lighthouse tender attempted to remove them from the

rock, but after several efforts to send a boat to the rock, they had to remove the men by means of a breeches buoy. Other men were landed on the rock in the same way to take the place of those who were ill. From this lighthouse is shown a light of 75,000 candlepower; the fog signal is a compressed-air-operated siren.

THE Farallon Lighthouse, twenty-five miles off the Golden Gate, was built in 1855, in those busy days which followed the gold rush. Sailing vessels were sailing into San Francisco in large numbers. A light was badly needed on these dangerous rocks. The Golden City Clipper, which sailed from New York in 1852 reported that she was detained five days off the Farallons in fog. Stone for the construction of the lighthouse was quarried on the island, and inside this masonry was a lining of brick. Work on the lighthouse was hindered greatly by the extremely sharp slopes of the island and the jagged nature of the rock. The bricks used in the tower were carried up the rock in bundles of four and five on the backs of men. For many years a mule was kept on the island to carry supplies between the various parts of the station. At one time this mule was the oldest inhabitant. Several years ago birds' eggs were gathered on the island and sold on the San Francisco market. Seals were also hunted commercially. But on both, the federal government put its foot down.

Makapuu Point Lighthouse, on the eastern extremity of Oahu Island has the largest lens in a lighthouse in United States territory. It is a hyper-radiant lens. The inside diameter is eight and three-fourths feet, sufficient for several men to stand within. All the commerce from the west coast of North America bound to Honolulu passes Makapuu Lighthouse. Although the tower is only forty-six feet high, the light is four hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The effectiveness of this lighthouse has been greatly increased in the last few years, because there has been a radio beacon established at the station. And its radio signals may be heard two hundred and more miles at sea.

One of the most costly lighthouses ever constructed is St. George Reef Lighthouse, offshore, six miles off Point St. George near Crescent City. It cost \$702,000 and it took ten years before work on it was completed. This lighthouse was built on a small rock only three hundred feet in diameter. The light was first displayed in 1892. The base of the tower is a solid block of concrete and granite and the tower above is also built of granite blocks.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

The stone was quarried from granite boulders found on Mad River near Humboldt Bay. Probably the most violent storm experienced at this lighthouse was that of 1923. Huge seas from a northwesterly direction broke on the platform of the tower, seventy feet above water. It broke with such violence that it tore the donkey engine house from its foundation.

White Shoal, a dangerous spot in Lake Michigan, at the entrance to the Straits of Mackinac was marked for eighteen years by a light vessel anchored over it. On account of the ice, this vessel could not be kept on the station during a part of the season of navigation in the early spring and late fall. The White Shoal Lighthouse was completed in 1910 at a cost of \$225,000. The light is 125 feet above the lake and is white, flashing every eight seconds, and is of 360,000 candlepower.

The lighthouse at Saint Augustine, Florida, can be seen for many miles at sea because of its unusual stripes, which make it stand out distinctly.

A Lighthouse at Key West is the guardian of the southern tip of Florida. It is said to be the only lighthouse operating within the limits of any city in the United States.

One of the things that all people want to see, when they visit the new Cape Hatteras State Park of North Carolina, is Cape Hatteras Lighthouse. It is the tallest on the American coast. This coast is dangerous for navigators on account of shoals and frequent gales and storms. Coasting vessels are apt to pass in toward this cape because of the Gulf Stream, which is only about twenty miles east.

On the rocky ramparts near Halifax, Nova Scotia, stands the famous Yarmouth Lighthouse, whose beacon warns the mariners of this treacherous coast.

Sea captains know when they round South Stack Lighthouse on Holyhead, on the Welsh Island of Anglesey, that they are within fifty miles of the port of Liverpool.

Several gales break wildly over the rocks as a severe gale rages near the Mount Desert Rock Lighthouse off the coast of Maine. It is the most exposed light station on the Atlantic Coast. After the storm, one can see that a rock of seventy-five tons has been moved sixty feet. From a sturdy tower, fifty-eight feet high the light is flashed. Hundreds of gulls come flying through the air and light on the rocks near the lighthouse. Here they set up housekeeping and lay their eggs.

It was on Mile Rocks, one-half mile off Landsend in the Golden Gate, that the *Rio Janeiro* was wrecked shortly before the building of the Mile Rocks Lighthouse in 1906. The rock upon which the lighthouse is built measured only forty by thirty feet in high water.

Trinidad Head Lighthouse on headland, near the town of Trinidad is a unique lighthouse because it is a low, square brick tower, painted white; and while it is only twenty feet above the ground, the headland on which it stands

gives it an elevation of 196 feet above the sea. It was built in 1871. The location where this lighthouse stands is one of the most picturesque on the California coast. Despite the great height of the tower above the sea, heavy seas have been known to reach it.

Kilauea Point Lighthouse on the northernmost point of Kauai Island is an important landfall light, providing a landing mark for ships bound for the Orient from Honolulu. It was built in

SOME DAY

By Georgia Moore Eberling

AUTUMN walks across the hill
And sees the valley lush and still.
The garden glows in vivid greens . . .
It's time for me to can the beans.

And while the water steams and heats
I'll clean the corn and scrub the beets.
The world is tranquil, bright and fair,
My pantry shelves are wide and bare.

October tiptoes in at night
As golden as the full moon's light.
The morning shines, pale crystalline,
And grapes are purple on the vine.

Choke-cherry reddens here and there,
The peach is ripe as is the pear.
I have no time for Keats or Shelley,
The time has come for making jelly.

The woodbine, sumacs, and the oaks
Draw close their lovely scarlet cloaks.
The autumn glows from dark to dawn,
My jelly glasses gape and yawn!

The nights shine like new-minted nickels
And it is time for making pickles.
We like them sweet, and sour and dill . . .
There are the empty jars to fill.

When autumn's blended colors gild
The world, my little house is filled
With spicy odors, tangy-sweet,
My cellar's full of things to eat.

The canning's done, but fall is past,
Now winter roars with icy blast . . .
Oh, some day when I'm old and gray
With fall I will have a trysting-day!



—Photograph by Watson of Monkmeier Press

1913. This light was the first landfall made in the first flight by aeroplane from the Pacific Coast of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands, in 1927, it being picked up from the air at a distance of ninety miles.

Cape Spencer Lighthouse, Alaska, is one of the most isolated of Alaskan lighthouses, where the keepers must go twenty miles for their mail, and the nearest town of any size is one hundred fifty miles away.

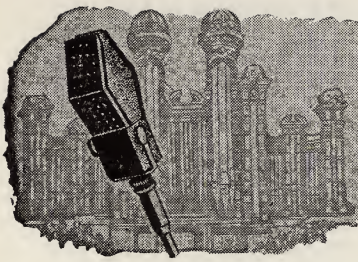
The people in the little town of Cambridge, Isle of Wight, will forever sing the praises of Ethel Langton, fifteen-year-old daughter of the keeper of the lighthouse on St. Helen's Fort near the town. For three days and nights, during a raging storm, while her parents were prevented from embarking for the lighthouse because of heavy seas, Ethel stood watch. Her great task was to wind the mechanism that operates the light. She had to do this every four hours during her seventy-two hour vigil.

THERE have been a number of women light keepers. On July 2, 1906, the woman light keeper of Angel Island Light in San Francisco Bay struck the bell by hand for twenty hours and thirty-five minutes, until the fog was lifted, when the fog signal was disabled. And on the July 4 following, when machinery was further broken, she stood all night on the platform outside and struck the bell with a nail hammer with all her might.

The seventy-year-old keeper of Key West Light, Florida, who had been at his job for thirty-five years, became so alarmed by a certain storm and the prolonged whistle blasts of a ship that had been wrecked near the fort at Key West, insisted the wreck had happened because the front range light was out, although it had just been examined by his son. He got a lantern, and although his son tried to detain him, he went out into the storm to make sure the light was all right, and died soon after.

The "light must never fail" is strong in the minds of all lighthouse keepers.

In 1933 the keepers of the Passage Island Lighthouse, on the northern part of Lake Superior, were commended for their heroic efforts in operating their fog signal four days and three nights during a violent gale, with the temperature several degrees below zero. During this time the three men had little rest and food. Most of this time they had to carry water from the pump house to the fog-signal building, across an open stretch of rocky yard fully exposed to the driving storm. The news of their difficulty first became known in a rather unique way. The radio broadcast which the keeper sent out was picked up by an amateur operator in Mackinac City nearly 250 miles away. He rebroadcast it. It was picked up by an amateur operator in Indianapolis, nearly five hundred miles from Mackinac City, who immediately sent a telegram to the district office in Detroit.



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 11:30 A.M. EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME, 9:30 A.M. CENTRAL TIME, 8:30 A.M. MOUNTAIN TIME, AND 7:30 A.M. PACIFIC TIME.

On Getting Along With People

ONE of the most important things in this world is getting along with the people we have to live with. The question of peace itself revolves around our being able to do just this. Living literally alone is seldom possible, and seldom desirable, but living in daily association with others means either fighting with them or learning to get along with them. There are many apparent ways of getting along with people—some of which are acceptable and some of which are not. One of the most readily apparent but also one of the most fallacious is forcibly to eliminate all differences—to make everyone think and act alike. Another fallacious way is completely to give up our own views and try to do everything that everyone else wants us to do. Such extremes are untenable, of course. They could not be done in the first place, and, even if they could, they offer no solution to getting along with people. Less extreme, but still fallacious, is the assumption that getting along with others necessarily means the compromise of our own standards and ideals and principles. Compromising standards isn't getting along with people. It is merely self-betrayal. It is buying peace at any price. It is appeasement, and appeasement where principles and standards and truth and moral right are concerned is but the beginning of more troubles. And so the question still remains: How to get along with people who don't think alike, who have different standards and different interests? It is practical and possible to do so, as is daily demonstrated by countless men and women who live in the same world, in the same town, and even in the same homes with others of different likes, of different interests, of different convictions, and who do get along together without compromising their principles. But the moment we do compromise any of our principles, we stand in danger of being forced to compromise all of our principles; for the moment we step across the line of principle, there is no other borderline at which to stop. After the first compromise, all others are merely a matter of degree. And so, keeping peace among friends, and even among strangers, involves, whenever occasion calls for it, in letting it be known what we stand for and why, in sticking squarely to ideals and convictions, and respecting and defending all others in a like privilege. In short, the way to get along with people is to *know* what we ought to be, to be what we ought to be, to give respect and to demand respect, and not resort to bluffing, appeasement, or compromise on any point of principle.

—August 11, 1946.

What is Truth?*

THERE is an age-old question the answer to which is earnestly important to all of us at all times: "What is truth?" There are those who would define it as a relative term—those who would say that what is commonly thought to be true by the constituted authorities of any particular time or place is true for that time or place. That is to say, what is generally believed to be true today is true for this day. But to say this is also to say that what was believed to be true yesterday was true yesterday. In other words, if a man stands in the pulpit or in the market place or in the classroom and proclaims what he and his generation believe to be the truth, it is said by some that he is speaking the truth. This sounds very plausible until we reduce it to specific cases. There was a generation that believed and proclaimed that the world was flat. They were sincere in this belief, and they thought they were proclaiming truth—but that didn't make the world flat, and the truth was and is that the world was not and is not flat. And so we could go on multiplying examples of what people have believed and have not believed, suddenly to come to the realization that no matter what men at a given time happen to believe, if it isn't true, their belief doesn't make it true. Truth cannot be made or unmade by arbitrary authority, nor by the belief or unbelief of any man or any generation of men. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."¹ But a falsehood or an error couldn't make a man free. Indeed, it would shackle him with chains of ignorance. And so we must come to the conclusion that truth is not an unpredictable variable but a determinable constant. Popular conception of what constitutes truth can change—but not truth, for "... truth is knowledge of things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come."² And it doesn't matter where it is found or who discovers it, it is the common property of the whole universe. Our knowledge of it may increase; our ignorance concerning it may be profound; our willingness or unwillingness to accept it may vary—but what is fundamentally true today will always be true. Truth is eternal, and never shall we be called upon by that God whose glory is intelligence and whose first law is order, to discard any fragment of truth, scientific or religious or whatever men may call it—but assuredly we may expect to be called upon to discard a good many of our theories and opinions.

—August 18, 1946.

*Revised from the book *This Day—and Always*

¹John 8:32

²D. & C. 93:24

from Temple Square

The Band Wagon

THERE is a widespread philosophy which perhaps has always been more or less prevalent, but which sometimes seems to reach epidemic contagion. For want of a better term we identify it by the vernacular phrase by which it is commonly known: getting on the band wagon—riding the popular thing regardless of the principles or the consequences involved; glibly giving allegiance to him who holds the purse strings—until someone else holds them; joining what is popular without too much thought as to what is right; jumping on and getting what we can out of it. In yielding to this so-called band-wagon philosophy it would sometimes seem that we don't care much where the wagon is going so long as we are with the crowd and so long as the ride lasts. This, no doubt, to some degree has always been so. It is historically recorded that the world has seen many scrambles to get on the band wagon, whatever they may have called it. It would seem to be an ancient pastime, with perhaps some modern embellishments. It would be interesting to know how many people the world over have switched allegiance or changed avowed loyalties at one time or another because of what they thought there was in it for them personally, rather than because of any principle involved. This, of course, would be difficult to determine, because where a man's immediate personal advantage is concerned he sometimes finds difficulty in distinguishing between principle and profit, between conviction and convenience. Even the Savior of mankind had the disappointing experience of having the multitudes follow when he fed them loaves and fishes, and desert him when his enemies accused him. The parades of popular preference move here and there, where the road looks easiest, or where the crowds seem to be the largest or the loudest. But with too many riding, the overloaded band wagon inevitably breaks down, sometimes in the most unexpected ways and at the most unexpected times, and then soberly we have to face reality, and get off and walk back, perhaps a long way. The free rides, so-called, are very tempting, but inevitably they are paid for by someone—and experience has proved that ultimately those who pay include those who think they are riding free.

—August 4, 1946.

On Leaving Home

EACH YEAR many of our youth leave home, some to attend school, and some for other purposes; many, of course, for the first time. And it is not uncommon to hear these youth of ours, in their confidence, reassure their parents and those whom they leave behind, as to their ability to

take care of themselves, and as to the needlessness for any anxiety concerning them, as they venture forth in a world that has many ways, both good and bad. But with parents and others who have lived longer, a certain feeling of panic is more than understandable, because of what they have seen of the hazards of the road and of the wreckage, in terms of human happiness, that can and does follow errors of judgment, foolish decisions, and the keeping of bad company. Using discrimination in the company we keep, in the attachments we form, and in the atmosphere we frequent is exceedingly important when we are at home and much more so away from home. Strange company is always to be looked upon with a certain degree of reservation until the quality of it is known. And a good rule always to follow is, "When in doubt, stay where you know you are safe." Because the crowd is going somewhere, it doesn't always follow that it is a good place to go. Because there are other ducks on the pond doesn't mean that the pond is a safe place for ducks to be. They may be decoys or they may just be stupid and foolish birds that are asking for trouble and going to get it. Every hunter knows what can happen to a duck when he yields to the temptation of lighting on water by a decoy—in other words, when he joins a crowd without knowing the character or the purpose of the crowd he is joining. And in human affairs, even though it may seem to be old-fashioned to say so, the devil has his territory, and it is never safe territory for anyone for any purpose. A satisfied curiosity is not worth the risk of getting mixed up with unsavory things. Mud can look very smooth on the surface and still be very treacherous and dirty. And so to those leaving home, whether it be for the first time, or whether they look upon themselves as seasoned travelers, these precautions still remain and still are important, as they will be throughout all of life: Be wary of venturing into unknown situations with strange people. Stay where you know you are safe, and live as you know you should live, and don't be led into joining a questionable crowd or into crossing the border into territory out of which no happiness ever comes.

—August 25, 1946.

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YOUR Pioneer Journal

By SARA O. MOSS

THERE are perhaps several reasons why descendants of Pioneers are not aware of the importance of keeping records and avoid the serious business of getting on paper little else except a few dates and names that make up a family tree. Written words are frightening, and they have a way of standing out like sentinels, blocking the way. To the inexperienced writer, vital statistics seem to be the only thing important enough to be given space. Incidents, descriptions, and colorings of everyday living are disregarded and receive little or no consideration in the average pioneer journal.

From bits of everyday living, however, has come great literature. *Canterbury Tales* by Chaucer is but the recordings of the people who made the pilgrimages to the sacred shrines, and with his great story mind, Chaucer loved and wrote about the people who interested him. *Gone With the Wind* was the result of a collection of bits intertwined with the plot of a great romance, concerning the people of the South—their customs, traditions, habits, and the Civil War, making one of the most popular novels ever written.

The history of the West is based on a spiritual strength with its unique and colorful beginning. It is said by editors, and people of the publishing world, that nowhere is there a spot so rich for writers, so fertile for the story mind, so very different in story material, as our pioneer background. These statements, coming from men who know what it takes to make a good story, should be an incentive for any descendant to gather into journals all that he can learn about his own people.

How to write and what to write, seems to be the challenging question. One solution is to begin with your first ancestor as you know him in his pioneer background. Create in your mind the picture, by visiting, if possible, the place where he lived. His age might be anything,—he could be grown or he could be but a child. Ask yourself, and others

who know, the questions you would like answered and write down the answers. Describe his first home. Was it a dugout or a log cabin? Of what did the furnishings consist? Why was this certain location chosen? Many more questions will creep into your mind which can be answered with a little thought. Now you have a fair idea as to the home and the person concerned. Next, you might consider the other members of the family, their associates, their neighbors, their friends, and the possessions of each, if it is possible to learn about them. Food, clothing, the mode of living, would help to make your history interesting.

By this time, a good writer would have many pages of vital information. Over-writing would be a good fault. Next, collect all the incidents that you can. A good story mind will at once see marvelous possibilities for great adventure novels. The more local color, description, phrases, mannerisms, and individuality that you give to your ancestor, the more sparkle your history will have. Many feel that the incidents of faith and prayer are the only ones worthy of mention, but even the unfavorable should have a place, too, for only by writing the truth do we get a clear picture of the whole.

The following incidents might serve as examples of the jottings which would appear in a journal. One pioneer, who devoted her time to the service of nursing the sick, found that the heavy snow had covered the trail down the hill, one cold, winter day. Because it was too deep to walk through, the woman sat down, settled her baby into her lap, and wrapping her skirts around the baby, slid to the bottom of the hill and proceeded on her mission. Here we find the resourceful pioneer woman, the valiant, helpful spirit that brought our people through untold hardships. On the east bench of Bountiful, Utah, a mother stood anxiously scanning the distance of tall sagebrush watching for her



—Illustration by Fielding K. Smith

young son to return from the house of a neighbor who lived more than a mile away. When she could see a brown object floating above the sagebrush, she knew her boy was returning with the only washtub in the community; he carried it on his head. A young schoolteacher on her way to the two-room schoolhouse, stood on a vantage point on the wagon trail which is now Thirty-third South and Twenty-third East Streets, in Salt Lake City. The spring thaw was sending the water down in torrents. Unable to cross, she had decided to turn back when a big strong man picked her up and carried her across the stream, and she proceeded on her way.

ONE of the most precious qualities in pioneer life is humor. It is priceless because it is the hardest to find. This is one reason why *The Reader's Digest* pays an enormous price for even a few lines of laughter-provoking material. Pioneer life must have been full of droll, sparkling humor. Laughter and fun were part of the routine of daily living. Find these priceless bits, and get them into your journal. Commercially, they are worth money; historically, they are priceless.

Accounts of tragedies in pioneer life are in the majority. And gener-

(Concluded on page 659)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Poetry

CITIES TO SHINE

By Edna S. Dustin

THEODORE CUMULUS peeked out his black head
From his mammy's yellow-star quilted bed;
He stretched his legs down over to the floor,
Ambled to his window, saw down at his door
A blinking, dusty, tired, old city
Waiting to be shined up sparkling and pretty.

He raked his fingers through his thick kinked hair,
Electric sparks zig-zagged through the air;
He pulled on his trousers, clapped a foot in each shoe.
The noise vibrating and resounding through the blue,
Then reached for his buffer, his bucket and broom,
His feet marking tempo as he shuffled from the room.

He shined up the lampposts and polished up the street
To the rhythmic meter of his pattering feet.
He toe-tapped on housetops as he washed up each tree
Sliding down the drain-pipe in his roguish glee.
He rebuffed the city as he tapped his last refrain,
Then scooted down the gutter and eased through the drain.
Theodore Cumulus left the city like new,
Glistening reflections like a patent leather shoe.

THE PASSING OF WINGS

By Margaret Connelly

FAR down invisible airways
And leading into the sun,
The procession of geese in flight
Denotes fall days begun!

The bracken-rust on the dead weeds
And the reds on every hill
Fill my heart with a strange obsession
As it drinks its utmost fill.

The wild moor and the green ferns
And little forgotten springs
Vibrate to the V-shaped shadows
Cast from the passing of wings.

OLD FRIEND

By Elaine V. Emans

I NEED not see you, and I need not hear
From you with regularity to feel
The ties which hold us. Often you are near
When I hear music we have loved; you steal
Into the room with poetry, you walk
With me among the trees. Though you be far,
Sometimes in my imagining we talk,—
And always, in the company of star
Or bird or flower, there is for you and me
A strange and wordless camaraderie.

THE SONG

By Grace Zenor Pratt

I HAVE heard the song in the silence of
starry nights,
In the sweet spring winds and the scented
flowers;
I have heard its muted and distant beat
In the darkness of lonely hours.

I have heard the song and its rhythm again
and again
In the stormy winds and the gray and
misty sea;
In a distant soil—and a white gull's flight
In a lilting melody.

I heard the song when summer was kissing
the rose good-bye,
When a sunset died in splendor leaving
the valley dim,
And the far-flung hills in the purple dusk
Were as sweet as a vesper hymn.

I heard the song in autumn when the sweet
blue gentians glow,
—A song of golden glory and a scarlet
frown on a hill—
But the glory wanes, and the gentians fade,
And the music is all but still.

I have heard the song when the wild geese
call
Over a lonely lake, the cold skies graying,
And I've never known of a sadder song
Than when wild geese fly away.



—Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

SEASONAL

By Josephine Leckenby

THE pennies of the copper beech
Are pressed against the sky;
The maples' leaves turn inside out
Like small green skirts blown high.

And little pilgrim summer dreams
Trail off across the hill,
In tattered robes of green and gold,
Their voices hushed and still.

SONNET OF SEPTEMBER

By Alice Eddy LeCornu

SEPTEMBER is the loveliest month I know,
So warmly rich with sweet maturity,
So gay with apples shining on the tree,
With corn shocks standing in a cheerful
row.
This wealth of hopes fulfilled that harvests
show
To all of Nature's autumn moods is key,
For woods and hills as well as fields can be
Full-blown and sere, and ripe with fruitful
glow.
So sparkling, fresh the air, so blue the sky
Deepening to indigo when evening fills
Its western arc with sunset fires which vie
With ruddy autumn burning on the hills,
When winter shadows fall, I will remember
This golden exaltation of September.

IN THE WAYNE WONDERLAND

By Barbara Chadwick
A young writer

I STOOD alone,
Surrounded by strange creatures
Of every shape and tone.

A tiny speck was I,
Against the huge bodies
Of men that never die.

I stood alone,
Amid the godly temples
That rise from worlds unknown,
Carved by ever-driving wind,
By pounding sleet
And rain, undisciplined.

I stood alone,
In a hued, majestic world
Of dead but living stone.

LATE AUTUMN CORNFIELD

By E. V. Griffith

LIKE faded teepees on the sagging sky
The shocks of corn, against the paling
light
Strive vainly to ward off encroaching night,
Where Autumn, weak and old, afraid to die,
Stares into wind-drenched heavens over-
head
And whispers softly, smitten by the cold—
Dying, where goldenrods, like sticks of
gold,
Peer up through pumpkin vines already
dead.

And while the cold obsesses everything,
Through a fantastic world of sudden frost,
Seeking some haven for the helpless lost,
Small creatures scurry, frightened, shivering,
And pause to hear the autumn mourn
morosely
And wheeze and die: They stand, these
forest creatures,
With breathless wonder on their spell-
bound features
That they might watch a season die so
closely.



The Church Moves On

Sunday Schools

PRESIDENT GEORGE ALBERT SMITH was the principal speaker Sunday, August 25, at services held at First West and Third South streets, Salt Lake City, where Richard Ballantyne founded the Sunday School movement of the Church on December 9, 1849. The occasion was the one hundred twenty-ninth anniversary of Elder Ballantyne's birth. The meeting was under the direction of the Salt Lake Stake Sunday School board. An appropriate monument, designed by Avarad Fairbanks, now marks the spot where Elder Ballantyne first called thirty students together and held a Sunday School.

Church Music Coordinator

WILLIAM LeGRAND MAXWELL has been appointed as a music coordinator for the Church by the Church general music committee. With his appointment comes enlarged activity on the part of the music committee throughout the Church. Elder Maxwell will assist in many of the centennial celebrations planned for 1947.

"Church of the Air"

ELDER MATTHEW COWLEY, of the Council of the Twelve, will deliver an address on the Columbia Broadcasting System's "Church of the Air" on conference Sunday, October 6, at 8:30 a.m. Mountain Standard Time. Listeners in the KSL area will have an opportunity of hearing a rebroadcast of the program, which will feature the music of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir and organ, during the regular Sunday evening Church program, at 9:00 p.m. The subject of Elder Cowley's address will be, "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God."

Tabernacle Radio Program

BEGINNING September 29, with the return to standard time in certain parts of the country, the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir and organ C.B.S. program will be heard one hour later if your community has not been on daylight savings time. The time will be 11:30 Sunday morning Eastern Standard Time, 10:30 CST, 9:30 MST, and 8:30 PST.

Coordinator

FRANCIS W. GASSER, a Salt Laker, now an economic analyst for the United States government in Germany, has been appointed as a coordinator for 638.

Latter-day Saint servicemen in Europe, and set apart for this position by Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve and president of the European Mission.

Central States Mission

DR. FRANCIS W. BROWN, Salt Lake physician and surgeon, was appointed by the First Presidency late in August, as president of the Central



THOMAS C. ROMNEY



FRANCIS W. BROWN

States Mission with headquarters at Independence, Missouri. He succeeds President Thomas C. Romney.

President Brown, a native of Kanarville, Iron County, Utah, filled a mission in England from 1909 to 1911. He served as stake secretary of the Mutual Improvement Association in the St. Johns, Arizona, Stake, and is a former president of seventy in both the St. Johns and the Maricopa stakes; and served four years as a bishop's counselor in Arizona. He has also been a member of the high council of the Maricopa and the Salt Lake City Liberty Stake, and has served for ten years as a guide on Temple Square.

Mrs. Brown will be in charge of women's activities in the mission.

Welfare Storage Bins

PRIESTHOOD MEMBERS of the Davis, North Davis, and South Davis stakes recently completed the bolting together of steel bins at the Church-owned flour mill at Kaysville, Utah, which have a capacity of approximately eight thousand bushels of wheat.

The Church has recently also acquired a grain elevator at Thornton, Idaho, which has a capacity of 6500 bushels. Church-owned elevators and their capacities in addition to the Thornton property are: Sharp, Utah, 10,000 bushels; Kaysville, Utah, 70,000 bushels; and Salt Lake City, 314,000 bushels.

East German Mission

WALTER STOVER has been appointed by the First Presidency as president of the East German Mission, with



WALTER STOVER

headquarters at Berlin. The latest *Church Directory* shows that Richard Ranglack is acting as president of that mission.

President Stover is a native of Germany. He moved to Salt Lake City in 1926. He served as a member of the Wilford Ward bishopric for seven years. At the time of his appointment he was a member of the East Mill Creek Stake high priests quorum presidency.

Mrs. Stover will accompany him to the field of labor as soon as passport arrangements can be made.

Primary European Relief

As the first packages gathered by the Primary Association in plans announced at their June conference were mailed to Primary children in Europe, the condition of all children in the war-ravaged nations of continental Europe was announced as still critical.

Primary Hospital

THE Primary Children's Hospital will share equally with the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children, a fund of \$29,690.72, which was originally raised in Utah shows in June 1944, by Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, radio and film stars, and intended to build a golf course at Bushnell General Hospital, Brigham City. The army has recently closed this hospital.

The money will be used in helping to build a new Primary Children's Hospital near the L. D. S. Hospital. The building was planned before the war. One thousand silver dollars presented to the late President Heber J. Grant at a civic dinner in November 1938 will also go to help pay for the building of the new hospital. Before he died, President Grant "sold" some of these dollars for sums ranging up to several hundred dollars each, and this money has been turned over to the hospital fund.

Emmett Second Ward has been created in the Weiser Stake with Leslie John Scott as bishop.

Golden West Ward, Pasadena Stake, California, has been created from part of the Rosemead Ward, with Jean Wunderlich as bishop.

Temple Square

As the summer tourist season hit its peak on Temple Square, President David A. Smith of the Temple Square Mission, announced a late afternoon Tabernacle organ recital at four-thirty for the benefit of tourists, which is to continue for the duration of the season. This new daily recital, just in its experimental stage, is in addition to the daily noontime organ recital.

Welfare Canning

MEMBERS of the Indianapolis South Branch of the Northern States Mission have been participating in a welfare garden and canning project this summer. By the end of the 1946 canning season, it is expected that some five thousand cans will be filled against the winter and a time of want. The number of these cans will be tithed for the poor, and the remaining cans will be distributed among the forty-one cooperating families, according to the size of each family. The ground upon which the garden was planted last spring was lent to

the branch by Wilbur Compton, a non-"Mormon" friend of William E. Schwartz, the branch president. In late August the Indianapolis *Times* published a three-column picture of part of the group at work canning beans, and told the story of the summer's work.

Primary Secretary

APPOINTMENT of Vera Ann Babcock Merkley of the Salt Lake City Bonneville Stake as general secretary of the Primary Association has been announced. She succeeds Fern Dansie who has married. Mrs. Merkley has been active in the Primary work in Magrath, Canada, and has served as a member of the Lethbridge, Canada, Stake Primary board, and has been a member of the M.I.A. boards of the Lethbridge and the Bonneville stakes.

Salt Lake Tabernacle

PLANS are now being formulated for the air conditioning of the Salt Lake Tabernacle. If material can be made available, the project will be completed so that the building may be air conditioned by the summer of 1947, when it is planned to use the historic building for centennial concerts. It will be one of the largest nonindustrial installations in the country, requiring an air flow of from 200,000 to 300,000 cubic feet a minute.

THE

Poor of Modern Israel Fed by Quail

By ALBERT L. ZOBELL, JR.

IN late summer, 1846, an Illinois mob forced the remaining Saints, the poorest members of the Church in worldly goods, from their Nauvoo homes. These people dragged themselves across the Mississippi to wait the help that they knew would come from the Saints already encamped in various parts of Iowa.

The poor, who were ejected from their homes, without time to make preparations for any kind of journey, became an easy prey for the fever, ague, and all kinds of disease that was rampant in the land. Then with their food gone, and so many sick among them that all seemed lost, the Lord sent huge flocks of quail to them, even as he had done to ancient Israel.

The birds lit everywhere—in their wagons, on their empty tables, on their makeshift beds. Everyone, including the sick, caught quail, and the ninth of October became a feast day, but not until their God had been remembered in appropriate and heartfelt prayers of thanksgiving.

This was no figment—it was attested to by a group of Gentiles who were in the camp on business, and it was fully reported by the passengers of a river steamer which passed within six rods of the camp.

The occurrence started in the morning, and in the afternoon the trustees from Nauvoo visited and distributed some clothing, shoes, molasses, salt, and salt pork, after which the camp started for the west. Some of the quail even followed the camp as it started to move.

Reporting the incident the following January to Elders John Taylor, Parley P. Pratt, and Orson Hyde, then on a mission in England, the high council of the Camps of Israel said:

Tell ye this to the nations of the earth. Tell it to the kings and nobles and the great ones! Tell ye this to those who believe in that God who fed the children of Israel in the wilderness in the days of Moses, that they may know there is a God in the last days, and that his people are as dear to him now as they were in those days, and that he will feed them when the house of the oppressor is unbearable, and he is acknowledged God of the whole earth and every knee bows and every tongue confesses that Jesus is the Christ.



WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION ACTIVITIES

One of the activities of the Western Canadian Mission has been a temple excursion to the Cordston Temple, in which the group pictured completed nearly two hundred fifty endowments.

Front row, left to right: Thurston S. Anderson, Clell Eldon Hogenson, Garth L. Wright, Donna Wright, Kenneth Ross Tucker, Lloyd D. Woodruff, Mrs. Kenneth R. Tucker; Joan Dawe, June Lamb, Mary Bailey, Bailey.

Second row: Lorena Brown, Edith Nyman, Leila Edna Bowman, Frankie Smith, Helen Adell Durrant, Arthur Joseph, John T. Spencer, Lora Norman, Arva Williams, Bernice Chard, Helen Robinson, Mary Shaw.

Third row: Teddy B. Parker, Jacob Dennis Smith, Bud H. Hinckley, Lloyd H. Ashcroft, Rex V. Milligan, Clarence L. Fields, Owen Skidmore Merrill, Dale B. Pearson, Geneva Burnside, Betty Christofferson.

Fourth row: Varda Joyce Thorpe, Rames Thomas, Lucy Leone Burgi, Lillian Farnsworth, Elizabeth D. McAllister, Lorna Shelton, President Edward J. Wood, Pearl C. Card, President Joseph Y. Card, Louie Maria R. Richardson, Janis Allen, Fannie Lawrence, Faye Broderick, Mary Jett White, Marjorie Mangum.

Fifth row, sitting: Alexander L. Burnside, Clarence Richardson, Grant Peck Packer, Edward Junior Beckstead.

Back row: President S. Dilworth Young and his wife, Gladys P. Young, who were touring the mission at that time.

Other activities reported by the Western Canadian Mission are the baptizing of seven converts at one time in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan; the opening up of missionary work among the Indians of Saskatchewan; and a visit of Mission President Joseph Y. Card and two elders to the Peace River country, several hundred miles north of Edmonton, which has been recently opened up for settlement by returning Canadian servicemen.

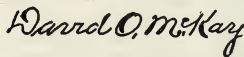
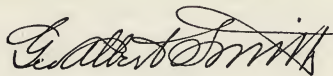
EDITORIALS

Conference Notice

THE one hundred seventeenth semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to which all Church members are invited, will convene in the tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 4, 5, and 6, 1946, with general sessions each day at 10 a.m. and 2 p.m.

The general priesthood meeting will be held in the tabernacle on Saturday, October 5, at 7 p.m.

We suggest that fast meetings be held on the last Sunday in September—September 29—except in those stakes in which quarterly conferences are held on that date. In those stakes, we ask that fast meetings be held on the Sunday following the general conference, or October 13.



The First Presidency

The Power of the Minute

IN these days of rapid movement and intense living, all of us need to keep aware of the road ahead, alerting our wits and our spirits to something beyond and above the world in which we live. We need to think more constantly and more clearly about the purpose of life and the reason for our being here. If we can keep this thought uppermost in our minds, we shall not easily be led astray or wander into bypaths, which, however alluring they may appear to be, are, after all, merely bypaths and can lead us nowhere.

When we are very young, we think that life stretches interminably ahead of us. As we reach maturity, we know for a truth that life is too short to accomplish all that we would wish to do. If we could learn the value of the minute—both in re-orienting ourselves into a true perspective of our reason for life and for our wise use of time—our lives would take on intenser qualities, and we

should find that we can become more worth while to ourselves and to our associates. Time has such a way of slipping by all of us that we must not think in terms of hours, but rather in the question of minutes. And we shall probably be surprised to learn that the chief difference between recognition and nonentity lies frequently in the use that people make of the time they have—again, measured in the matter of minutes.

Patrick Henry studied as he served people at the inn where he earned his living. Abraham Lincoln observed people and learned about their characteristics as he waited on them across the grocery store counter. Thomas A. Edison set up his equipment in the box car where he was employed. Each person who has attained any stature at all has done so as a result of his wise and consistent use of time.

In the matter of human relationships also the value of the minute is incalculable. The friendly handclasp, the pleasant greeting, require little time, yet their effect can hardly be estimated when it comes to the lift to the spirit of those so greeted.

In these days of pressure, we sometimes fail to maintain our friendships as we should all like to maintain them. But we still can in a minute's time let them know that we think of them—a friendly note, a telephone call—will serve to keep the fires of friendship burning, and require little time in the measured span of our lives.

If we would know how much time we have available to use, let us watch the minutes as we sit idly by—without contemplating anything more ponderable than ourselves or the weather. Each of us needs sometime for sincere evaluation and “taking a walk around” himself, but too frequently when we have a minute, we think of inconsequential things. One lecturer made the illuminating statement about a certain person that he was “trapped in trivia.” That is worth pondering—in order to avoid a like statement's being made about us.

In every twenty-four hours of the day, there are at least two full hours—not during one lump period, but scattered in minutes—when we could do something or think something or plan something that would lift us beyond our ordinary selves to do a better job and live a more complete life than we now live.

Let us each resolve to use time, not abuse it, and make it our servant rather than let it become our master.—M. C. J.



EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

cix. *How Can Joseph Smith Be Explained?*

JOSEPH SMITH is the key figure in the restoration of the gospel in these latter days. His claims are the foundation of the Church which he was instrumental in organizing. Every doctrine, organization, movement, and achievement of the Latter-day Saints must be attributed to the latter-day Prophet.

Consequently, opponents to the claims of Joseph Smith have made him, rather than the Church, the subject of special consideration. A library of study and conjecture has grown up around his name, in opposition to his claim that what he gave to the world came to him by revelation from God. The net result of these investigations, now covering more than a century, is that before the remarkable history of the Prophet and the results that followed, the authors stand baffled, perplexed, and in disagreement. When they have tried to explain Joseph Smith, the most careful students have been unable to agree in their conclusions.

Really, only three explanations of Joseph Smith have been proposed by those who do not believe in the Prophet's own story. The proponents of each battle for their own interpretation of the Prophet's life and work. This difference of opinion, even among ripe scholars, is one of the strongest evidences for the truth of the Prophet's claim that he had heavenly visitations, and received his revelations from divine sources.

The first, and for some years the favorite, explanation of Joseph Smith was that he was an impostor, deceiver, liar; and that his story of visions and revelations was a concoction of an untruthful, conscienceless mind. This explanation insists that there were no plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated, and that he had no spiritual experiences—the whole thing was a hoax of the first order. He attempted, so they say, to foist a horrible untruth upon mankind. Men have scoured the earth wherever the Prophet lived, to find evidence of fraudulent, dishonest actions.

Alexander Campbell,¹ the first writer against "Mormonism," found in the Book of Mormon discussions of every subject on the tongues of people in Joseph's day. Therefore, said he, the Prophet had merely assembled the current talk of the day in the Book of Mormon, and with a lying mouth had invented the supernatural discovery of "golden plates." This is as much as to say that questions concerning life, death, immortality, and

others of like nature, were not discussed in antiquity. In view of our historical knowledge, such a statement would be indefensible.

E. D. Howe, the publisher and so-called author of the first book against "Mormonism,"² was so driven to it for proof of Joseph's frauds that he sent the real author of the book, P. Hurlbut of unsavory reputation, to secure blanket affidavits such as may be obtained on any subject, if the proper methods are employed, to the effect that the Smith family were of a lying disposition. Stories of a most farfetched kind, and unproved, concerning Joseph and his dishonesty suddenly sprang into existence. Later writers adopted and circulated such gossip in their muck-raking, profit-making books and magnified it. The reader who begins at the beginning of anti-"Mormon" literature becomes nauseated with the display of dishonesty on the part of enemies of "Mormonism." No one objects to a fair opponent, but every honest man holds an unfair one in contempt. These persecutors, in their despair, when the proof of their case is failing, resort to the ludicrous defense that Joseph was so persistent a liar, that at last he came to believe his own lies, and thought that he had had spiritual experiences.³

The explanation that Joseph Smith was a deliberate deceiver has not satisfied honest students. The record of Joseph's life is one of honesty. He taught honesty in all affairs; he insisted that his people be honest; the verified events of his life show him a man always reaching out for honesty. In the face of well-known and documented facts, opponents have rejected the hypothesis that the Prophet was only a coarse liar, and have sought for a more plausible explanation.

A second explanation of Joseph Smith has come because his work in its many implications is not shallow, but profound. In doctrine, principle, and organization, it challenges serious thought. This has always been a marvel to candid students of the restored gospel. This, all such investigators agree, could not have come out of the brain of an ignorant youth with a propensity for lying. So, opponents of Joseph Smith have concluded that he could not have been the real author of "Mormonism." Someone else of maturity and training must have used the Prophet as a blind and hid behind him. Years of fruitless search for this individual have followed.

In their defeat, but unwilling to abandon the theory, and leaping over existing facts, the only victim of these searchers has been Sidney Rigdon. This man was an earnest seeker after truth, associated with Alexander Campbell, of the Christian Church; he had some education above that commonly enjoyed in that day; and was an eloquent speaker. When he read the Book of Mormon, he became convinced of its truth, accepted the restored

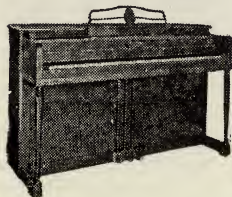
(Continued on page 670)

¹Alexander Campbell, *Delusions, An Analysis of the Book of Mormon*

²E. D. Howe, *Mormonism Unveiled*

³F. M. Brodie, *No Man Knows My History*, pp. 84, 85

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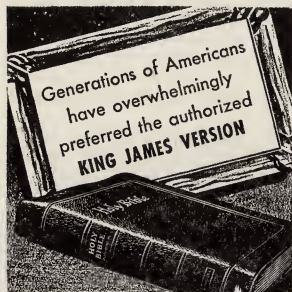
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Homings

No Apologies

By Lucia Mallory

"WE'RE not used to living in such a shabby place as this," said Mrs. Foreman. "At home we had a big house and plenty of nice furniture. Here we scarcely have room to turn around."

"I think you have made this small apartment wonderfully comfortable," I hastened to assure my hostess. It disturbed me to hear her speak so disparagingly of the only home her family was to have for a long time—since nothing better could be obtained in our crowded city.

Mrs. Foreman's two little girls, who had been setting the table and carrying in glasses of water, turned to their mother with anxious eyes. Her words had given them a feeling that something was lacking.

I had met the Foreman family, newcomers to our town, when the mother had come with her daughters to borrow books from the children's room at the public library where I am the children's librarian. Our acquaintance had grown into friendship, and I had been happy to accept Mrs. Foreman's invitation to have dinner at their home.

While we were eating, Mrs. Foreman apologized again. "I wish you could see the nice set of dishes we had to leave stored in the basement of our old home," she said. "It wasn't possible to ship them, so we bought makeshift dishes here."

"This bright pottery is so cheerful that I'd like to have a set just like it," I answered, hoping that my honest praise might banish the troubled look that had come back into the little girls' faces.

Not noticing the children, Mrs. Foreman kept right on apologizing. "You can imagine what it's like to try to cook on one of these little two-plate electric stoves, when you have been used to a big range."

"It must take a good deal of planning to prepare a well-balanced meal with so little cooking space," I answered. "You have almost achieved the impossible."

Mrs. Foreman smiled at my words of appreciation, and I was able to guide the conversation into other channels.

The Foreman apartment was small, but comfortable. The little girls would have been happy in their new home if their mother had not constantly apologized for its inadequacy.

Walking home that evening, I could not help recalling another time, long ago, when I had been invited to share a simple meal, and no apologies had been made. A schoolmate, Vivian Henderson, had broken her leg, and I had become the self-appointed messenger to take books and lesson assignments to her.

One afternoon we chatted so long that six o'clock came before I realized it could be so late.

"Couldn't Lucia stay to supper, Mother?" Vivian asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Henderson replied, "if her mother is willing."

"Do telephone and ask your mother, Lucia," Vivian urged.

"Please tell your mother that Vivian's father will bring you home," added Mrs. Henderson.

Receiving my mother's permission to stay, I sat down to eat mush and milk and baked apples with the Henderson family. No apologies were offered, and in the warm glow of friendship that simple food became a sumptuous repast.

I did not know until long afterward that Vivian's broken leg was only one of a series of misfortunes that had overtaken the family that year, and their income was so small that the barest necessities were all they could afford. Yet that mother did not hesitate to share what they had with a guest, offering, instead of apologies, companionship and courage that were beyond price.

EACH EVENING

By Christie Lund Coles

EACH evening when the stars are overhead,

I tuck my daughter safely in her bed,
Then lean to kiss her as I say a prayer
For all the little children everywhere.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

THE success of a party depends upon the food. The following menus and recipes are ideal for your M.I.A. party, Relief Society social, and other group get-togethers.

MENUS

Luncheon or Buffet Supper

I

Ham Tuck-aways with Vegetable Cream Sauce
Tomato Lettuce Salad
Fruit Jelly with Whipped Cream
Wafers

II

American Chop Suey over Hot Boiled Rice
Orange Waldorf Salad
Rolls
Butter
Spice Cake
Fruit Juice

Party Refreshments

I

Chicken Salad
Hot Drop Biscuits
Lemon Tarts

II

Orange Delight
Sponge Cake
Punch

III

Molasses Taffy Bars
Grape Juice

TESTED RECIPES TO SERVE 50

Ham Tuck-aways with Vegetable Cream Sauce

Ham Mixture

1 No. 2 can tomatoes
4 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons dry mustard
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1 quart (4 pounds) ground smoked ham
Combine all ingredients, mix thoroughly.

Biscuit Mixture

3 quarts sifted enriched flour
6 tablespoons baking powder
3 tablespoons salt
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shortening
2 quarts (about) milk

Sift together dry ingredients, cut in shortening until mixture is crumbly. Add milk to make a drop batter. Mix only until flour is moistened. Pour one-half of batter into four greased pans, eight and one-half by thirteen and one-half inches.

Spread ham mixture evenly over batter. Pour remaining batter over ham, spreading batter evenly to edge of pan. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about forty-five minutes. Cut into servings. Serve with Vegetable Cream Sauce.

Vegetable Cream Sauce

2 cups (1 lb.) butter or margarine
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups enriched flour
3 tablespoons salt

$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
3 quarts milk
 $3\frac{3}{4}$ quarts cooked peas
12 hard cooked eggs, diced

Melt fat in saucepan. Add flour, salt, pepper, stirring well. Gradually add milk, stirring continually. Cook until thickened. Fold in peas and hard-cooked eggs. Heat thoroughly. Pour about one-half cup vegetable cream sauce over each serving of Ham Tuck-aways.

American Chop Suey

4 pounds veal steak
2 pounds lean pork steak
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shortening
1 quart finely chopped onion
6 quarts water
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
8 green peppers finely diced
3 quarts thinly sliced celery
2 quarts cooked rice ($2\frac{1}{2}$ cups uncooked)

Cut meat in small narrow strips, brown slowly in hot melted shortening in heavy frying pan. Add onion; continue cooking until onion is limp not brown. Add water, salt, and sugar. Cook slowly until meat is tender, about forty-five minutes. Add finely diced green pepper and celery. Cover; cook until tender but still crisp, about ten minutes. Serve over hot cooked rice, allowing about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup per serving. (Beef may be substituted for pork and veal.)

Orange Delight

4 cups orange juice
1 cup lemon juice
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds marshmallows
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ quarts whipping cream
1 No. 10 can sliced peaches

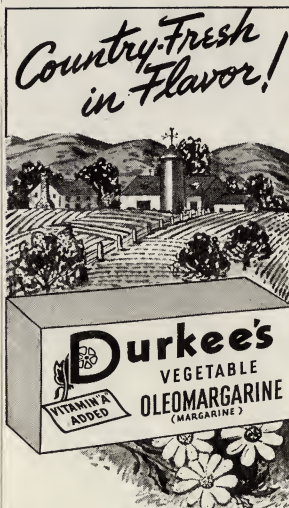
Heat orange and lemon juice with marshmallows in top of double boiler until marshmallows are melted, stirring occasionally. Remove mixture from heat. Cool.

Combine marshmallow mixture with stiffly whipped cream. Stir well. Place three tablespoons sliced peaches in each of fifty sherbet glasses. Pour marshmallow mixture over fruit. Chill four hours, or until firm.

Molasses Taffy Bars

3 cups sifted enriched flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon soda
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons ginger
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
6 eggs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups molasses
3 cups raisins
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped nuts

Sift together flour, soda, salt, and ginger. Cream together shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, mixing well. Add flour mixture alternately to creamed mixture with vanilla and molasses, mixing well after each addition. Fold in raisins and nuts. Spread in two greased pans, eight and one-half by thirteen and one-half inches. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about forty minutes. When cool, cut into bars. Makes fifty bars, about one and one-half by three and one-fourth inches.



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Share A MEAL-- Save A LIFE!

This Message Contributed
By the Hotel Utah in Cooperation
With the President's Famine
Emergency Committee



Even the Humblest

(Concluded from page 628)

have nearly enough only two days before the mailing deadline, but that she did not fail once to meet it. She will even tell in what manner the way was opened for her to do it. In addition to that, she succeeded in earning enough to go to Germany, stay with him for five months, and accompany him home. This was in 1909.

HE secured a job working for the corporation of Salt Lake City. By this time it became apparent that they were to have no children of their own, so they adopted a girl in 1913 and a boy in 1920. They named the girl Louise and the boy Herbert. They gave these two children all of their love and devotion and all of the advantages they could afford—a good home, good clothing, and a good education.

Not so very long ago they received the official war department telegram announcing the death of their boy—killed in defense of his country. Does anyone think that the grief of these foster parents is any less keen because their son is a foster son? But like all brave people, they do not wear their feelings on their coat sleeves.

They have been frugal and careful and have prospered. Last fall he was retired after many years of faithful service as a public servant of the people. Did they sit back prepared to enjoy a placid old age? Not at all.

They agreed to go on a mission—both of them. January 24, 1946, found them in Chicago reporting to the Northern States Mission. The task they were first assigned was not an easy one, but they didn't grumble about it. They went right to work, and by their acts of devotion, not only inspired the Saints to better works, but they showed the younger missionaries what it means to be loyal to an assignment. Now they are at Farmer City, Illinois, helping the branch to go forward.

What does the future hold for them? They do not know, and they do not care. Strong in her mind is the promise made to the Lord years ago, "If thou wilt let my husband live, I'll never refuse anything asked of me by the leaders of the Church." Her pledge to the Lord is also his pledge. When she delegated herself, he feels that he shares the obligation.

I can think of no better words to epitomize their lives than to repeat the great statement of Jesus Christ, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." (Matthew 5:5.) These two have inherited. They built in me, as I heard them tell their story, a new faith and fresh courage to go forward. They, and hundreds of thousands more like them, are the solid foundation on which we build a greater Church and do greater work.

He is August Wilhelm Reymann; she is Louise Margaret Catherine Helmken Reymann of Salt Lake City.

FOR A VERY YOUNG GARDENER

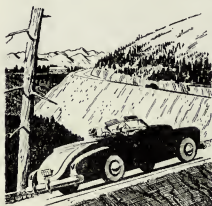
By Helen Maring

WHAT matter if rows deviate
And things are never planted straight?
You dig and work, and look so cute
With gathered mud upon your suit.
Your childish joy is so profound
I pray things burgeon from this ground.





Tip to a man who hasn't snagged a willow in a coon's age



Snarling your line isn't the worst thing that can happen on a fishing trip. A balky car can put an awful damper on the fun. That's why it's a good idea to go all the way on Chevron Supreme Gasoline . . . for this great premium gasoline is "tailored" to suit different driving conditions all through the West.

Wherever you go, you'll get a Chevron Supreme Gasoline that's designed especially to fit the local climate and altitude. So even though the country changes, you get the same easy starting, sputterless driving, and freedom from vapor-lock you're used to at home.



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● **THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES**—an interpretation of passing events. The confused and unhappy gropings of the world are shown to be but the unfolding of final chapters in the drama of our earthly life. \$1.25.

* * *

Surely these are times that try the souls of men! This is no time to be found sleeping. All who read these books are warned away from the pitfalls and snares that are set for the unwary. We and our families need the guidance offered in these volumes.

For your own home, or for a friend, these four volumes by Joseph Fielding Smith are ideal gifts.

(See page 616 for handy order form.)



BOOKCRAFT

1186 South Main
Salt Lake City 4, Utah

Fear Is Catching

By Mabel-Ruth Jackson

GRANDMA had come to visit her married daughter, Mrs. North. The children hung about her, delighted with the presents she had brought them. Now they were all in the kitchen where Mrs. North was preparing the evening meal.

"What are you packing that lunch box for, Anne?" asked Grandma.

"For Daddy," both children told her.

"George starts on the night shift this evening," added Mrs. North.

"You mean you and the children have to stay alone at night?" asked Grandma, her voice rising in dismay.

"Why, that's nothing, Mother," answered her daughter, calmly. "We've done it plenty of times."

"But aren't you afraid? Think of what might happen! Think of the tramps, Peeping Toms, burglars! And what if a big storm should come, or the house get on fire?" sputtered Grandma.

"All very unlikely," said Mrs. North, glancing at the children who were listening wide-eyed. "Tommy, take Barbsie in the bathroom and wash her face and hands for supper, that's a good boy."

Tommy went, but very reluctantly. He had been fascinated by Grandma's recital of dangers. It was dusk now and, for the first time in his young life, he felt timid about venturing away from the kitchen where there were lights and people. Pulling his protesting sister along, he hurried to the bathroom to turn on the light.

In the kitchen, Mrs. North was trying to make her mother understand without hurting her feelings. "It's this way, Mother," she said carefully. "I was always such a *fraidy-cat*, and it spoiled so many things for me. Now, thanks to George, who has reasoned with me and laughed good-naturedly at me, I've outgrown a lot of that senseless fear. I confess, though, there are times still when I am afraid, but *I've never let the children see that I'm afraid of anything*. We want them, as much as possible, to grow up without that handicap."

"I suppose you think it was my fault that you were afraid," answered her mother in an offended voice.

"Mother dear," said her daughter putting her arms around her, "please don't be hurt. You know how much I love you and how glad we all are to have you here. I just want you to understand. Mother, tell me—don't you wish you weren't afraid of things?"

Her mother was silent a moment, but she was looking thoughtful instead of offended. "Well, Anne," she said slowly, "I believe I've always just taken it for granted that most people are afraid. It's spoiled things for me, too, but I

didn't think there was anything that could be done about it."

"George said everybody is afraid of something," Anne answered, "and that ninety-nine times out of a hundred our fears are groundless. He says we can learn to control our fears and that we must be particularly careful not to show fear before children, because they copy us."

"Well," said Grandma, "I guess I've had mine too many years now to hope to get rid of them, but I see what you mean about the children, Anne, and I'll do my very best not to give them any of my fears to copy. If I can't help being afraid, I'll go to my room and be afraid all by myself."

Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?



CONTRASTING fabrics are an important fashion trend for fall, and here we see satin interestingly combined with crepe in a party-going frock. The gleam of the satin is repeated in the gleam of rhinestone-studded button originals, fashioned as large black balls. This lady makes earrings out of matching buttons and the bracelet she wears with the push-up sleeve is simply a number of matching buttons easily and quickly threaded on a hat elastic! These buttons are B.G.E. Originals.

ECONOMIST

By Gertrude Ryder Bennett

TOO MUCH in debt to care to work, He sits around the railroad station And tells the country how to solve The economic situation.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

CONSERVING

for Tomorrow

WHILE the livestock feed situation is extremely critical, it is unwise for farmers and stockmen to unload their entire stock on the market. Careful planning and management can and will accomplish the same result as conserving feed, and at the same time keep the farmer or stockman in business with prospects of better stock tomorrow than he has today. The American Feed Manufacturers Association has suggested this four-pronged program:

1. *Save feed by making full use of pasture with chickens, turkeys, and pigs*

- Large amounts of feeds may be saved by restricting the feed given to growing chickens, turkeys, and pigs on pasture, which forces them to consume more pasture.
- Lush pastures such as Sudan grass, Ladino clover, etc.—if available—make possible even greater saving than ordinary pasture, if the other feed is restricted.
- Oats, which are likely to be more abundant than other grains during the next few months, are exceptionally well-suited to restricted feedings.
- For poultry on pasture, gravel or granite grit is essential.

While the maximum use of pasture will not produce the highest rate of growth, it can be made to save up to one third of the feed required by growing chickens, turkeys, and pigs.

2. *Save feed through proper feeding of dairy cows*

- Cows are better able to use pasture than any other animal. On especially good pasture, cows will eat very little grain.
- During the acute feed shortage, grain should be fed conservatively—not over one pound of grain to four pounds of milk. Feed may be saved by culling out the poor producers and shy breeders and sending them to the butcher.
- With good pastures, heifers from six to fifteen months of age will do well without grain.

3. *Save feed through elimination of unprofitable animals*

- Cull non-producing hens, broody hens, molting hens, and borderline birds that might normally be kept in the flock.
- Separate growing cockerels from pullets at an early age and market the cockerels as early as local conditions permit.

(Concluded on page 654)

HOW TO PAINT

anything

AROUND YOUR HOME

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With them in hand, you can set a comfortable redecorating schedule through the winter months, and by early spring have a lovelier, brighter home at little actual cost, and with lots of pleasure from your work.

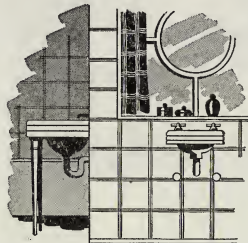
There are W. P. Fuller & Co. dealers throughout the West where you can get these folders now.

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Only Fuller Paint Dealers have these free folders. Choose one; see how helpful it is. Then take any others you want—now or later.



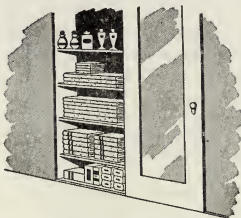
What's New in Bathrooms?



What is the smaller of the two basins called?

- ☐ River basin
- ☐ Dental basin
- ☐ Ocean basin

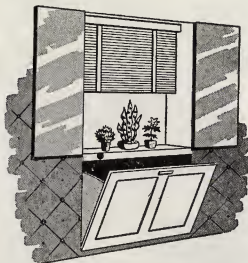
Highlighting the latest in bathroom fixtures is this small dental basin for brushing the teeth. Highlighting your bathroom, too, by brightening dental and wash basins alike, is Hexol disinfectant. A few drops on a cloth will quickly remove all traces of dirt—rid adjacent walls of youngsters' finger marks. Most important of all, Hexol fights germs as it cleans—does double duty.



How is this chest of drawers concealed from view?

- ☐ By three men on a horse
- ☐ By an open door to the hall
- ☐ By a sliding mirrored door

In the modern home, the chest containing towels, bath mats, and other supplies is concealed by a sliding mirrored door. The modern way to deodorize the toilet bowl is with Hexol. Simply pour a few drops in the bowl, let it stand awhile, then flush. You'll like Hexol's clean, fresh odor. And for toilet seats that really sparkle, wipe with a little Hexol on a cloth.



Which items are included in this window arrangement?

- ☐ A large clothes hamper
- ☐ Space for flower pots
- ☐ Mirror shutters opening inside

Yes, all three suggestions are smartly combined into one! Smart housewives prefer Hexol cleanser-disinfectant because it leaves the bathroom floor, tiling, and tub so clean, fresh, and sanitary. That's why so many Pacific Coast hospitals, physicians, and nurses use of all, Hexol fights germs as it cleans—does double duty.



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DISINFECTANT**

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Why Do We Mutilate

WHEN Charles H. Hart told us in a priesthood conference meeting at Snowflake, Arizona, that the name of the higher priesthood was not pronounced Melchizedek but Melchizedek, I was nettled; and my dictionaries, standard Church works, and other reference books came in for some scrutiny. The following Sabbath I was stunned, when, expecting to hear everybody saying Melchizedek, no one seemed to have heard the criticism.

I found Mel-chiz-e-dek in a pronouncing vocabulary of Book of Mormon proper names, pronounced mel-kiz-e-dek, and a few Bible names divided into syllables accented and the vowels marked to indicate their correct sounds; following the Book of Mormon in the combination book, page 533. Dr. James E. Talmage compiled the combination book or supervised the compilation of it. It is recognized and accepted as authority by the Authorities of our Church.

Elder Widtsoe told us in a recent conference priesthood meeting in Mesa, Arizona, that the name of the higher priesthood is Melchizedek.

Many educated people, some teachers and educators, habitually mispronounce common words and even misuse them, such as: set for sit, and vice versa, I for me, except for accept, and so on. If some knew that cherubim and cherubs are correct plurals of cherub, they would not pronounce cherubim as they do. I have noted that no holy name is so constantly mispronounced as the name Melchizedek. Only a very small percentage of those professing to hold the Melchizedek Priesthood say it correctly, and a lesser percentage of the people at large.

We Latter-day Saints should not mispronounce this holy name. It means more to us than anyone else for it was given to man to avoid the too frequent repetition of the name of Deity. From a genealogical standpoint it becomes doubly important to us. We learn that great care must be exercised, that names be correctly spelled and pronounced and used lest mistakes be made in following out lines of descent. Thus to a great extent it becomes a prominent factor in work for the dead and bringing to pass the mission of the Prophet Elijah predicted and described in the book of Malachi.

One good brother after listening to our talk came back saying Melchizedek correctly. When asked: "How come?" he answered, "I believe in profiting by constructive criticism." If all were as open-minded, it would be easy to get people to see their mistakes and do

MELCHIZEDEK ?

By ZECHARIAH N. DECKER

better. I would suggest to them and all who err that they read the fifty-eighth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, verses 26 to 33 inclusive. Some things that are said there gave me the incentive to write this.

It is strange that, notwithstanding the many ways we have by which to learn the correct use and way to pronounce the English words in our schools and colleges and all reference books, that our kind Heavenly Father would be so good and thoughtful of us frail mortals that he has revealed the correct name to us through his servants. "... whether [it be] by mine own voice or by the voice of my servants, it is the same." See Doctrine and Covenants, section 1, verse 38; also section 68, verse 4. Will any Latter-day Saint deny that Elder Talmage was inspired by the Holy Ghost in his compilation of the combination book? And there are witnesses that Charles Hart and John A. Widtsoe each told a large gathering of priesthood members that Melchizedek is the correct name of the Higher Priesthood. Will any deny that these men were influenced by the Spirit of God in the performance of their duties? "... In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." (II Corinthians 13:1.)

I am wondering why we have gone on and on so long mispronouncing the name of the Holy Priesthood. From now on let's pronounce it correctly: let's say Mel-chiz'-e-dek.

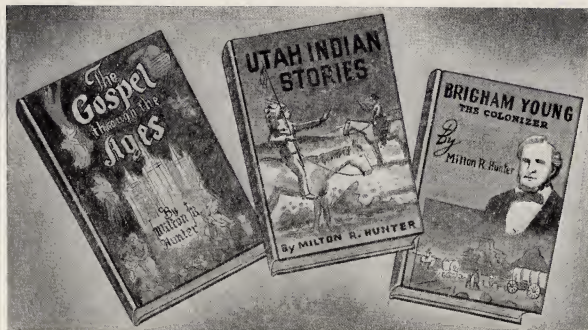
Aztec Method

(Concluded from page 613)

The Aztecs developed three favored materials upon which they recorded their written history: deer skin, a fibre paper known as "amatl," and woven cotton. Regional skill in making "amatl" paper is revealed in the lists of tribute paid to Montezuma. Towns from the region of Oaxaca were renowned for their paper-making skill.

When the whole story was to be recorded on one surface, the Aztec wove long strips of cotton material which they sewed together to form a large cotton cloth many feet square. Upon the not too smooth surface the Aztec artist recorded his story. Due to favorable circumstances of preservation some few prehistoric cotton codices have survived in Mexico City for our study.

(See illustration, page 613.)



From the pen of DR. MILTON R. HUNTER ...

● UTAH INDIAN STORIES—Dr. Hunter's newest book

Here is a rich volume of Indian stories and legends—the kind too seldom told, and rarely written. They are brought to us now by an authoritative historian and skilled story teller, whose years of research have opened up to him a rich vein of Indian lore and early-day stories. Your shelf of young folks' books will be particularly enriched by this new, authentic collection. \$2.25.

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Textbook for Priesthood Quorums . . . a handbook of information for the missionary, investigator, and others who seek a better knowledge of the Plan of Salvation. Subjects discussed include the eternal nature of God, the meaning of the gospel, universal quest for salvation, the gospel dispensations, and many special topics, such as "Men May Become Gods," "The Immortality of Man," and the "Story of the Earth." This beautiful book is a choice gift. \$1.30.

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(See page 616 for order form)

BOOKCRAFT

1186 South Main

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Maintenance of Elders and Seventies Quorums at Full Strength

Melchizedek

The Personal Confidential Interviews

THE Lord, by revelation, establishes the number of elders in a quorum, stating that there are to be ninety-six. (See D. & C. 107:89.) This pattern, thus established by the Lord, warrants that an earnest effort be made in every quorum area to conform thereto. An examination of reports from the stakes indicates there are many designated quorums with greatly depleted memberships. Some of these groups fall below a majority membership, i.e.—forty-nine. Similar conditions obtain in some quorums of seventy. The Lord establishes by revelation seventy as the number, but in some instances at least, there are quorum organizations having less than a majority of thirty-six members. These conditions should not exist, and where they do, should not persist if a correction can be effected. It is the duty of presidents of quorums and the presidents of stakes, to keep a watchful eye on the quorums. Not only should the individual member's interests be looked after, but also the quorum interests generally.

We admonish that care and attention be given promptly, to the strengthening of any quorums requiring it. A survey may reveal within many quorum areas brethren worthy of ordination. If, of course, new members cannot be found to strengthen depleted quorums, and there is no likely prospect of the situation changing in a reasonable length of time, consideration could well be given to consolidating two or more such groups.

Reports indicate also that there are many quorums with greatly excessive memberships—some having more than enough for two full quorums. Neither should this condition obtain, and where it does, study should be given to quorum division, or realignment of quorum areas to maintain proper balance within the quorums.

In the contemplation of new quorums, divisions should not be undertaken without at least a majority membership and reasonable certainty that these majorities may be maintained, with building up to full quorum strength as the ultimate in view.

We urge upon the presidents of quorums and the presidents of stakes the propriety of giving early consideration to the matters outlined herein, with a view to effecting any changes requisite at this time.

THE season is approaching when the personal interview between the presidents of quorums and the membership should be completed. Many quorum presidencies are undoubtedly nearing the completion of this particular assignment. All others should arrange to make their visits and interviews at an early date so there will be no delays in completing the confidential annual report in season.

Purpose of Interview:

These interviews are not intended as inquisitions with resultant punishment for any infractions revealed. Neither is it intended that they be mere questionnaires reduced to a fact-finding basis. It is not the intent to "put our brethren on the spot" or embarrass them in any manner, but it represents an effort by the presidency of the quorum to determine the needs of their brethren, that the presidency may better serve and help those in need. Any information obtained purely for the sake of reporting will have little value, but if some constructive program results that will help correct any weaknesses revealed through these interviews, a real contribution will have been made, both in the private interest of members and in the quorum generally.

Mechanics of Visits:

Seek to have all circumstances attending your visit favorable to your purpose. Where possible make your visits by appointment at a time convenient to your brethren. Your interview should be privately held and most inoffensively conducted. The greatest amount of tact must be employed. Any spirit of contention or criticism must be scrupulously avoided. You are not visiting as a judge, neither as a witness, but as a brother in the discharge of an assigned duty which you do in the spirit of love and helpfulness. You make each approach with a prayer in your heart. Any information obtained must be kept in strictest confidence. The information desired may not necessarily be obtained in a single visit but perhaps in a series of contacts throughout the year, which is by far the more desirable method. It may even be possible to obtain all the information required without postponing a direct question.

It is suggested that the same care be

exercised in the approach and plan that one would exercise if he were out to win business in an important transaction. There is the "getting acquainted" opportunity sought after. Then there are the cultivation of friendship and the building of confidence, which are followed by the approach to make the sale. This routine may require just an occasional friendly chat, an opportunity for which you have carefully planned and made. It may require an invitation to lunch, the ball game, or to the theater. At any rate, it is going to require that you go "out of your way" in the hope of eventually gaining your objective. Such contacts with the membership of your quorum will not be tainted with the thought of "personal gain," but inspired by an unselfish desire to be of service. However, you may find the adoption of sound business principles profitable in winning your prospect.

The Follow-up:

Where irregularities or weaknesses are revealed, appropriate remedies are tactfully suggested. Seek only to inspire hope and determination to improve. The doctrines of repentance and forgiveness are among those paramount in the gospel structure. Inspire within your members a desire for increased fellowship with the quorum, and greater participation in quorum affairs.

Should you find an unwholesome attitude existing in a brother's heart, endeavor to assist him in correcting the difficulty; such assistance, however, must not be obvious to him. He may resent it.

When the spirit of love prompts a quorum president's every act, there will be a rebound of love from the membership that will add new zest to presidency, and new life and vigor to the quorum.

We appeal to the presidencies of quorums to make their interviews in the spirit of pure fellowship; make them promptly, and in a way and manner that will insure their being followed by a blessing.

Questions and Answers

Question 52: Is it advisable when brethren have been properly recommended and approved for ordination to high priest for the ordinations to be effected by various group leaders?

Answer 52: No. In the interest of maintaining order, ordination to high priest

Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE — JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; CHARLES A. CALLIS, HAROLD B. LEE, SPENCER W. KIMBALL, EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MCKAY, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS

should be made by a member of the stake presidency or the high priests' quorum presidency, and that preferably in a regular meeting of the quorum.

Question 53: Who appoints a secretary to a priesthood quorum, class instructor, or committees within the quorum?

Answer 53: The presidency of the quorum. A quorum presidency presides over all affairs of the quorum and are the responsible directing officers. Of course, the sustaining vote of the quorum should be had prior to the installation of any quorum officer.

Question 54: How often is it deemed advisable for quorum presidency meetings to be held?

Answer 54: Council meetings should be held as often as circumstances warrant, but at least weekly. Quorums achieving the most are those in which an alert presidency confer frequently, watch over, and plan carefully the work of their quorums. Usually the fact that a quorum presidency feel there is nothing pertaining to the quorum that would require their attention is the surest sign that they should meet frequently. They have plenty to do without being aware of it, and the quorum suffers as a result of their lack of vision and foresight. The General Authorities of the Church have long urged that the presidencies of quorums meet weekly in council meeting.

Question 55: Is it permissible to hold the monthly meeting of the high priests' quorum during the hour of the ward priesthood meeting?

Answer 55: No. Bishops and their counselors should attend the meetings of the high priests' quorum, and it is also necessary that they be present each Sunday morning in the ward priesthood meeting. It is also desirable for the high priests' groups to be present at the ward priesthood meetings, so that they may be kept informed of the problems confronting the ward, and may learn of their responsibility in the meeting of these problems. In addition, the ward bishopric would be appreciative of, and helped by, the presence and counsel of the high priests in these ward meetings.

Question 56: Is it advisable to limit the attendance at the monthly stake priesthood meeting to the leadership of the stake, making this meeting purely one for leadership?

Answer 56: No. A monthly stake priesthood meeting should be held at which the official business of the stake may be attended to. When names of brethren for ordination in the Melchizedek Priesthood are approved, it should be by the vote of the entire stake priesthood body. It is desirable that uniformity be enjoyed throughout the Church, and that all stakes conform to the generally outlined procedure.

(Concluded on page 655)

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

Are We Mixing in Politics?

PLEASE read what we have here written and answer this question for yourself. It is likely that before we come to you again in this column the November election will have passed. And we do want to reach you before that important event, for state officers and members of legislatures will then be elected. The affairs of government will soon thereafter be placed in the hands of the newly-elected officials.

Presumably all who read these lines are alive to their duties as citizens and will not fail to vote. For whom will they vote? We advise that they vote for candidates whom they believe or know to be honest, capable, patriotic men and women, willing to forego selfish desires (should they have any) and willing to support and work for those measures that will be fair, just, and best for all the people or at least for the great majority of them. What is best for the great majority can hardly be unfair or wrong to any considerable minority.

But these are complex, difficult times. Even honest people of good will do not always have sufficient wisdom to see alike as to what is best to be done. However, some people are so selfish and evil-minded (judged by Christian standards) that they will not stop short of anything feasible to do to attain their ends. In these days there are innumerable pressure groups, all more or less active in promoting their selfish ends, regardless of the ill effects these ends would have on the common good. To the extent that they knowingly do these things they are not good citizens—not good Americans. Then are not loyal Americans, those who are true to the basic principles upon which our great Republic was founded, faced with the challenge to do all they legitimately can to keep from public office all those who would eliminate these principles from operating in the affairs of government? Is there not but one answer to this question?

But today our beloved America and the way of life bequeathed to us by our hardy, self-reliant, and freedom-loving fathers are in grave danger, very seriously threatened by wicked and designing men who would enslave us to habits and practices that are beguiling and destructive of morals, honor and religion. So we say: "Voters, be alert and wise. Do your duty at the polls in November." Many people go to the polls and behave more or less foolishly, for they vote for candidates of whom they know little or nothing. It is this ignorance that is so dangerous because it is by reason of its prevalence that designing candidates frequently get into office. It follows that it is a sacred duty of the voter to inform himself of the moral and capability qualifications of those for whom he votes. This fact should be burned into the consciousness of every voter.

Now the foregoing is written as a sort of preamble to the announcement that in the states of California, Idaho, Utah, and perhaps some others, many important questions pertaining to morals and good government will be decided in the November election and in the legislatures that will follow the election. In this election some excellent laws may be enacted by direct vote of the people. Others will be made by the legislatures if the voters will do their duty and elect only candidates who will consider the best interests of the public as coming first, and act accordingly.

Does not the public safety demand that it shall be unlawful for a drinking or a drunken driver to be at the wheel of a motorcar on the highway? Would not the public welfare be promoted if there were no drinking anywhere of alcoholic beverages? Then should not a community, if it so desires, have the legal right to eliminate the sale of these beverages within its borders? In other words, is not the principle of "local option" absolutely democratic?

Voters, it is all up to you. May you have the wisdom, the courage, and the will to exercise your franchise gloriously!

The King's Proclamation

MORE than three centuries ago, in 1630, the king of England issued a royal proclamation concerning tobacco. He became convinced that it was a needless, harmful, enslaving weed which should not be permitted to be grown in or imported into his realms either at home or overseas. The culture and importation of tobacco must cease for the excellent reasons indicated. We give a few quotations from this interesting proclamation, a copy of which was recently sent us. The king expressed himself in these words:

(Concluded on page 658)

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

Standard Quorum Award Honor Roll for 1945

THE year 1945 brought the usual increase in the number of Standard Quorum Awards issued by the Presiding Bishopric. One hundred forty stakes share in the distribution of 1,346 awards.

There were a total of one hundred fifty-three stakes as of December 31, 1945. One hundred forty or ninety-one percent of the stakes honored one or

more quorums in this outstanding activity.

The same stalwarts head the one hundred percent honor roll again for 1945. Granite, Highland, Phoenix, South Los Angeles, and Sugarhouse, having achieved this high honor again.

The Southern States Mission still shows improvement over the fine record made in 1944. They have competition

for the first time, California, Eastern States, and Western States missions having qualified for the first time in 1945.

The Presiding Bishopric wish to commend the boys and their leaders for such fine accomplishment. They urge the continued support of this program with the traditional increase as the objective for 1946 and all future years.

HONOR ROLL FOR 1945

Stake	No. Awards	Stake	No. Awards	Stake	No. Awards	Stake	No. Awards
Granite100%	30	Nebo14	North Idaho Falls7	San Diego4			
Highland100%	24	South Salt Lake14	North Sanpete7	Weber4			
Phoenix100%	17	Alpine13	Roosevelt7	West Jordan4			
So. Los Angeles.....100%	32	Cottonwood13	San Juan7	Franklin3			
Sugarhouse100%	38	Emigration13	South Box Elder7	Grantsville3			
		Idaho Falls13	Summit7	Portland3			
Star Valley24		Lake View13	Davis6	South Sanpete3			
Pasadena23		Pocatello13	East Millcreek6	Tooele3			
East Jordan21		Cache12	Juarez6	Union3			
Ogden21		Timpanogos12	Millard6	Washington3			
Pioneer21		Benson11	Mt. Jordan6	Wayne3			
Ben Lomond20		Grant11	Oahu6	Bannock2			
Big Cottonwood20		Los Angeles11	Park6	Hyrum2			
North Davis20		Minidoka11	San Francisco6	New York2			
Snowflake20		Mt. Ogden11	Zion Park6	North Box Elder2			
West Pocatello19		San Bernardino11	Bear Lake5	North Carbon2			
Alberta19		Seattle11	Blackfoot5	Reno2			
Kolob19		Sevier11	Carbon5	St. Johns2			
Rexburg19		Weiser11	Santaquin-Tintic2				
San Fernando19		Big Horn10	Gridley5	South Sevier2			
Liberty18		Boise10	Gunnison5	South Summit2			
Maricopa18		Logan10	Kanab5	Woodruff2			
South Ogden18		Mt. Graham10	Panguitch5	Humboldt1			
Wells18		Twin Falls10	Sharon5	Cassia1			
Inglewood17		Yellowstone10	Smithfield5	Idaho1			
Riverside17		Oakland9	South Davis5	Juab1			
St. George16		Rigby9	Teton5	Montpelier1			
Taylor16		Southern Arizona9	Utah5	Moroni1			
Malad15		Unhah9	Bear River4	Uvada1			
North Rexburg15		Lethbridge8	Beaver4	Oquirrh1			
Oneida15		North Weber8	Burley4	Total1346			
Palmyra15		Provo8	Denver4				
Sacramento15		St. Joseph8	Lehi4	Missions			
Bonneville14		Shelley8	Morgan4	Southern States21			
Deseret14		Wasatch8	Nampa4	Eastern States3			
Long Beach14		Chicago7	Parowan4	California1			
Moapa14		Farr West7	Salt Lake4	Western States2			

WARD YOUTH LEADERSHIP OUTLINE OF STUDY NOVEMBER 1946

ONE day, years ago, an eight-year-old boy in London deliberately pushed a schoolmate into the Thames River where the victim lost his life. Some newspapers called the offender a young criminal and demanded his incarceration, if not his life. A careful, dispassionate study of the lad's life revealed the fact that because of physical unattractiveness he had become the butt of ridicule of his playmates. His cruel act of push-

ing a fellow pupil into the river was an expression of his resentment towards those of his own age who had given him not love but ridicule and disrespect.

Children of every age need the companionship, the respect, and the love of those their own age. That is their normal social world. Boys need boy friends; girls need girl friends; and among teen-age boys and girls there develops the need of friendship and love between boys and girls.

The need for friendship within an age group is so vital that people seek it one way or another. It is the obligation

of a Church leader of youth to transform his class, his quorum, or his M.I.A. group into something more than a group of individuals whose names are on the roll book. He should seek to cultivate friendships among them. He should see that none are without fellowship in the group. It is his great opportunity to provide a wholesome setting for the development of fine fellowship based on Latter-day Saint ideals.

How can he do it? The following ideas on the subject may be suggestive.

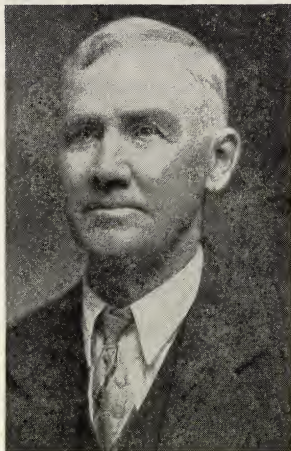
1. Arrange functions of various types—
(Continued on opposite page)

Ward Teaching

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY HENRY G. TEMPEST.

Faithful Ward Teacher

JOHN WELCH was appointed as a ward teacher in Paradise Ward, Hyrum Stake (then Cache Stake) in 1885. With the exception of twenty-six months spent in the mission field he has served continuously in this capacity. During this period he has never failed



JOHN WELCH

to visit his district each month. On one occasion he was assigned to a district that included thirty families. They were scattered over an area of several miles but were visited regularly each month.

He is a loyal Church member; he wholeheartedly supports the General Authorities; is well versed in doctrine; and attends sacrament meeting, Priesthood meeting, and Sunday School regularly. He is still an active ward teacher in Paradise Ward. Such loyalty and devotion to duty is seldom found. The record stands as a challenge to all ward teachers.

Outline of Study

(Continued from opposite page)

play, work, service—in which boys or girls under one's care associate together. Encourage and guide firesides, banquets, and other Church-sponsored functions.

2. Appoint committees for specific research.
(Concluded on page 655)

WARD TEACHERS

The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them;

And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking;

And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty. (D. & C. 20:53-55.)

Ward Teachers' Message for November 1946

THANKSGIVING

By proclamation of the President of the United States and in commemoration of our Pilgrim Fathers having appointed a day of giving thanks, America will observe Thanksgiving. The day, if celebrated in keeping with true American tradition, will include the voicing of grateful acknowledgment and recognition of the hand of Providence. Many will ignore the spiritual phase, accepting the day as a new opportunity for recreation with no thought of expressing devotion and thanks to the Lord. Others will gather with kinsfolk in pleasant reunion at the natal fireside to feast and visit. Far in the minority perhaps will be the few who will dedicate themselves to carrying out the original intentions of the pilgrims.

America was not the first nation to proclaim such a day. The "Feast of the Tabernacles" as observed by ancient Israel is one of the oldest known days of thanksgiving. What a colorful event it must have been when Israel assembled her families together in the open air in booths constructed of palms and willows to give thanks in song, prayer, and feasting. No one partook of the feast until the sheaves of barley and wheat had been waved before the Lord in recognition of the blessings of a bounteous harvest.

Failure to realize the value of daily and seasonal blessings and to express appreciation are common faults. Appreciation is a mark of genuine character. Development of this quality is measured by our ability to determine values and to satisfy the desires of the heart. What do you want most? Do you want to do right; to develop character; to love and be loved; to become unselfish in rendering service and to do good to everyone? On the other hand are you possessed of selfish inclinations, seeking more money, fame, and the material things of life at the expense of more worthwhile objectives? Would you barter spiritual and intellectual values for material gains? Are you thankful for the choices you have made?

How can we be worthy of blessings without showing gratitude? It is essential that we know not only how to give but how to receive. The stingy receiver is loathed not only by men but also by the Lord.

... For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again. (Luke 6:38.)

"Gratitude is the least of virtues, but ingratitude the worst of vices." The principle is a natural manifestation of love and appreciation. The truly sincere never approach the Lord asking for divine mercy without thanking him for blessings already received.

Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things. (D. & C. 59:7.)

This practice should follow in adversity as well as in prosperity; in sorrow as well as joy; in death as well as life.

And he who receiveth all things with thankfulness shall be made glorious; and the things of this earth shall be added unto him, even an hundredfold, yea, more. (D. & C. 78:19.)

Though the day will not be universally observed in the manner typical of the first thanksgiving, Latter-day Saints should be the first to pause in humble devotion to the Lord. The truly thankful not only express thanks on specially appointed occasions but are also conscious of such an obligation to be returned daily.

Genealogy

South Los Angeles Stake Achievements

OBEDIENT to the appeal of the First Presidency and the Melchizedek Priesthood committee of the Council of the Twelve* that the quorums of the Higher Priesthood take upon themselves the obligation of administering endowments for the backlog of male names in the temples, the quorums of the South Los Angeles Stake pledged themselves to do eighteen hundred such

*The Improvement Era, November 1943, p. 698; May 1945, p. 282

names during the year 1945. The quorum members responded to this call one hundred percent, and this work has been done.

The stake presidency has now asked that the priesthood quorums, with the assistance of stake and ward genealogical committees, undertake assignment of one thousand more of these names and have the endowments performed.

On January 22, this stake reported:

We recently had an excursion to the Arizona Temple from the Manchester Ward. Thirty-seven people attended. At present

we have three other excursions under way which are to be conducted within the next two months. . . . We hope to have things in order so that we will have at least one excursion a month. Each excursion is sponsored by one of the wards for stakewide participation. We are also endeavoring to encourage the priesthood quorums to sponsor temple trips.

On the genealogical side, over two thousand copies of "General Instructions" concerning genealogical work have been distributed. It is the desire of the officers to see that every home in the stake has a copy of these instructions.

The Mathews Ward had a very successful temple excursion to the St. George Temple. They left Los Angeles February 8, held sessions on February 9, and returned that evening. President Snow and his fine workers made them welcome and were very accommodat-

Conserving for Tomorrow

(Concluded from page 647)

- c. Market meat animals at an early age: broilers at ten to twelve weeks; turkeys at twenty-four to twenty-six weeks; pigs at two hundred to two hundred twenty-five pounds. Beyond these points the efficiency of feed usage decreases rapidly.
- d. Maintain pullets laying flocks. Pullets lay more eggs on less feed than hens. Sell old hens as soon as they stop laying.
4. *Save feed through good management*
 - a. Animals that are free from parasites and disease make the best use of feed.
 - b. An abundance of fresh drinking water at all times will save food.
 - c. Feed carefully to avoid waste. Use properly constructed feeders, and do not fill feeders too full.
 - d. Make the best use of home-grown grains and oil meals. Efficient use of grains requires that they be balanced with proteins and minerals. For example, on corn alone, a pig will have to eat about twenty-two bushels of corn to get enough protein to grow to marketable size. He can do the same job in one half the time on eleven bushels of corn and one hundred pounds of protein feed. The same principle applies to other animals. It is an extravagant waste of grain to feed it without supplementation. Similarly, it is a big waste of protein to feed protein concentrates without grain supplementation.
 - e. Adequate feeding of salt to four-footed animals will save feed.
 - f. During the present feed shortage, beef cattle producers can help greatly by making the utmost use of pasture and silage.



EXCURSION
TO THE
ST. GEORGE
TEMPLE
BY
GARYANZA
WARD,
SAN FERNANDO
STAKE,
ATTENDED BY
ONE HUNDRED
TEN PEOPLE



LIBERTY STAKE
TEMPLE
EXCURSION
ATTENDED BY
ONE HUNDRED
FORTY-SEVEN
PERSONS.
(Story
appeared on
page 528
of
August
"Era.")

IDAHO SAINTS BEFORE THE HOUSE OF THE LORD



Members of the Twin Falls First Ward who visited the Idaho Falls Temple on January 31, 1946. The excursion of one hundred seventy-four miles was sponsored by the bishopric of that ward. Temple records indicate there were one hundred nineteen in the session that morning. Arrangements are being planned for an even larger caravan from the Twin Falls First Ward to visit the temple again later in the year.—Reported by Ward Genealogical Committee.

KNUCKLE KNOCKERS

By MARGARET ADDICOAT

To observe the Golden Rule is one thing, but to have the other fellow grab it out of your hand and knock you across the knuckles with it is another. In the past few years we have all had to learn to be patient waiters-in-line. Irrksome and annoying as it is, and though we all grumble a good deal, most of us have been given a liberal education in the practice of the unwritten law of "first come, first served," or "I'll take my turn, whether I am rich or poor, tall or short, good or bad."

This seems to be so natural a law—so fair and so simple that the legislators have never passed any measures to enforce it. To do so would be much like making a rule that all flowers must "bloom in the spring, tra-la." A sorry world it would be if such attributes as common courtesy and kindness were made mandatory, but surely the time has come for somebody to do something about the knuckle-knockers. Thank heaven, they are in the minority, but so also is a mote in one's eye!

During the recent butter shortage, one of the "K.K.'s" stood in line with three cubes of butter in his hand. "Wrap these up," he demanded of the timid-looking girl at the counter.

"But—but you are allowed only one, . . . one to a customer," she protested.

"This butter is for sale; I've got the money to pay for it, and nobody is going to tell me how much I can or can't buy," he stormed.

The timid clerk took his change and gave him the butter. Legally, to be sure, the boor was within his rights; morally and ethically, he should have been tarred and feathered.

A well-dressed woman crowded into a long line of bank customers during the noon rush. She selected her victim—a shabbily dressed little woman who had worked her way slowly to within a few feet of the teller's window. The little woman made way for Mrs. Van Snoot to cut in, obviously thinking that she was merely going through the line on her way to another window. But no! Mrs. Van S. was simply in a big hurry, my dears—her business was much, much more important than yours, or yours! And how they can pick the timid souls to prey on! They actually consider anyone a "sucker" who is willing to point out to the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick-maker that "it is not my turn" when the sequence of the customers is not known, as at a counter where no definite line has been formed.

Ten-year-old Alice has a playmate, Jean, who already has very definite knuckle-knocking tendencies. Let it be said here that Alice is, even as you and I, largely responsible for Jean's actions. "Here, you carry my books and my umbrella—I don't want them," Jean will say, and Alice will oblige because "I don't want to hurt her feelings or make her mad at me." It is at times like that, I want to scream from the housetops, "These people *have* no feelings—they *can't* be insulted—they are *not* as you or I!" When I pointed out Jean's behavior to a friend of mine recently, she remarked, "But that kind of person always gets his way—he demands certain things of others, and he gets them."

Six-year-old Jimmy allows his older brother to kick down his house of blocks, though he has worked patiently to have it just so when Mother comes in. He resents his brother's actions, to be sure; he even cries a little and threatens to "tell." But like most of his serene ilk, he calms down in a moment and decides not to bother. But his brother has gained another victory for the knuckle knockers. In no time at all it will be a simple thing for him to crowd you to one side in boarding a bus or in buying a steak.

Sifting it all down, I am convinced that most of the world's misery is based on this principle of "Me first," and that people may be divided into two classes, the givers and the takers. Let us do something about the butter-boors, the Madame Van Snoots, and the bulldozing children we contact. Educate the Alices and the Jimmys to help eliminate these national nuisances. Let everyone who has a sense of fair play join in an open crusade to re-educate these people who are the very nuclei of the world's greatest malady.

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Concluded from page 651)

Suggested Program for Monthly Priesthood Leadership Meeting for October, November, and December

PERSONAL WELFARE DEPARTMENT

October

COMPLETE personal interviews for confidential annual reports. Outline procedure for interviews. (See instructions on printed annual report form.)

November and December

Continue interviews for confidential annual reports

Christmas letters to men away from home
How can we cooperate with bishopric and Relief Society on Christmas baskets, etc.?

QUORUM ACTIVITY AND CHURCH SERVICE DEPARTMENT

October

Analyze third quarterly reports
Participation of quorum members in Church auxiliaries
Arrange for Thanksgiving program or social

November and December

Assist in completing personal interviews for confidential reports
a. Methods of interviewing
Sponsor attendance at tithing settlement
a. Aim: "To have every man on tithing record"
Prepare social calendar for 1947
Arrange for a "one hundred percent attendance at quorum meeting Sunday" in January

FACT-FINDING AND STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

October

Report on quarterly conference attendance of quorum members
Compile facts in relation to individual attendance at group and quorum meetings
Review third quarterly reports

November and December

Report on employment conditions
Prepare for fourth quarterly and annual reports
a. Check on forms and supplies needed
b. Study printed instructions on reports
c. Check on progress being made on obtaining information needed

Aaronic Priesthood

Outline of Study

(Concluded from page 653)

responsibilities which will include all youngsters in the group and especially those who need to get acquainted with others.

3. In a tactful, casual way induce one or two of the more socially developed members of your group to fraternize more with the bashful, shy, unfriendly ones in the group.

4. Give each boy or girl in your care an opportunity to gain the respect of the group through some kind of effective participation. One may be an artist, another a musician, another a practical chap, another a good organizer and manager.

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. Illustrate the need people have for friendships among those of their own age.
2. Suggest ways of cultivating friendships: (a) among boys, (b) among girls, (c) between the boys and the girls of the ward, particularly between Junior Girls and Senior Scouts.
3. Name the boys and girls in the ward who seem to lack friends.
4. Divide responsibility among those present to help these to win friends.

News from the Camps

THERE were eighteen of us gathered at the RTO at Kobe. The "Mormon Special" was one-half hour late. The "All Japan" "Mormon" conference had been scheduled for some time, but, as the time approached, it became discouraging. Just two days before we were to leave, the "strong voice of the law" said, "No!" We had just become reconciled to the disappointment when orders were phoned through saying we were to board the special train at Kobe.

Two loaded cars pulled out of Kobe. Some of the brethren had come all the way from the southern part of the island of Shikoku. All were friends; some were missionary companions; some were relatives.

At Osaka another group joined us. Another car was added to the train. It was nearing midnight. In another hour—Kyoto. Here a large group came aboard. It continued thus through the night. At the early morning muster there were slightly fewer than one hundred fifty. No one was unruly, drunken, or disorderly; everyone, save us, was perplexed.

This conference was something new and dynamic. Everyone was impressed with participation in something destined for a great future. The upwards of five hundred attending the conference sustained this impression. The wonderful spirit of the conference, the counsel and instruction given, and the faith of the multitude made us thankful to the Lord for his goodness.

Our trip back was a group, also. Our next reunion was to be in Zion.

John A. Hopkin
United States Army

THE LIGHT WE SEE

By William A. Forsyth

WE'RE tired, Lord, of wasted life;
Of "blood and sweat and tears,"
Of partings, heartaches, grief, and pain,
And endless, endless fears.

We've lived through years when tyrants' power
Made slaves of the weak and small,
With knowledge used to spread a cloud
Of darkness over all.

Aggressor nations starting first
Forced others to deploy
Man's energies for but one thing—
Destroy! destroy! destroy!

But through the clouds of greed and force
Which brought the darkness here,
We see a break, and, through the break,
The light of peace appear.

The bombing planes which yesterday
Destroyed the tyrants' might,
Today bring wounded soldiers home
From darkness into light.



The Cathedral at Ostend, Belgium, on (May 8, 1945) V-E day (at least when the fighting stopped) showing bombers making their first trips after the cessation of hostilities to return wounded soldiers from the front to hospital facilities in England. In this picture they, outlined between the steeples of the church against a break in the clouds, are symbolic of the end of hostilities.

—Submitted by William A. Forsyth

LATTER-DAY
SAINT
SACRAMENT
MEETING
HELD IN
SHANGHAI,
CHINA



Most of the group have now returned home or are returning shortly. Services are being held every Sunday. First row (left to right): Jean Neal, Mel Merlich, Clive Hanson, Chester Shurtliff, Don Garner, Waldo G. Cook, Jack H. Coburn, and Jack N. Anderson. Second row: Guy W. Bowler, Jay H. Felt, Jack Henderson, Byron J. Duke, Roland J. Beck, Dean Hubbard, and Bill Bylawer. Third row: Robert E. Peterson, Clinton G. Gillespie, Leon M. Hill, Harold M. Berg, Lavon E. Miller, and John H. Zetterquist.—Photograph, by Robert E. Peterson.

OF LIFE

By John F. Richards

THESE years that lie stark naked on the breast
Have burned their mark of madness and of hell
Within the very soul. There is no rest—
What is this nonsense of the ringing bell?
Let not too many cry "For Liberty!"
And gorged with glory stride into the sun.
Expecting hope to strangle memory
And curb the hate when victory is won.

I tell you this—death's scar can never heal!
When man has killed, he does not soon forget,
No matter what the cause nor how the feel
Of justice surged within the bayonet!

Yet ripened years march on relentlessly,
And with each fruit the shadow faintly dims.
So in the ultimate, the sand and sea
Lie down together—and the spider spins.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



LATTER-DAY
SAINT BOYS
SERVING ABOARD
THE U. S. S.
BALTIMORE
CA—68

as she made her
homeward - bound
cruise and arrived
in San Francisco
March 3, 1946.

First row, left to right: M. Mallard, J. D. Bigler, G. W. Tingey, L. B. Sorens, S. K. Wallen. Back row: Paul L. Harmon, Reed S. Udall, Paul T. Rogers, P. L. Peterson, E. B. Thompson, and Chaplain Alan C. Lynch.

During the trip home from Yokosuka, Japan, two meetings were held aboard the ship. The chaplain, Alan C. Lynch, who is shown in the extreme right hand side of the photograph, arranged for these meetings and helped the Latter-day Saint boys carry on their Church work.

Under Full Control

(Concluded from page 624)

Gasoline is twenty times as powerful as dynamite. (I saw a Salt Lake City fireman take a sponge half as big as your fist, dip it in gasoline, and then squeeze the daylight out of it—all that was left in the sponge was odor, and that gasoline-perfumed sponge, after being put into a doll house and electrically ignited, blew the house into oblivion.) There is enough gas in the tank of any one of those autos to blow that car a few feet this side of the planet Mars—but do you ever hear of a car exploding? I don't know that I have ever heard of such a catastrophe—but why? Because it is under control. A good driver, because of the control features of an automobile, will do everything but drive up to an egg and touch it without breaking it. (I believe our friend, Ab Jenkins, will come next to doing that.) We are talking about control.

A couple of years ago the sin of a young man was brought to the attention of the First Presidency. I will never forget the occasion—I am still thinking of the suffering of that fellow's beloved mother when the news had to be broken to her. The unfortunate fellow (and he was unfortunate—someone has aptly said, "To be weak is a catastrophe") had to be tried for his fellowship. It was serious business. I will never forget the observation of President Clark. These were his exact words as I remember them: "Brother Ashton, the trouble with this kind of fellow, oftentimes, is that he thinks he is the only person in the world that has human nature."

Every mature man or woman has natural biological urges—that's human nature. Am I getting too frank? The important thing with all of us is, *are we under control?*

Dear member of this Church, dear citizen of this great country, are you under control? To the right of you, to the left of you, behind and in front of you, you see the ruins as a result of lack of control. We see broken homes and love scattered like fallen glass all about us because both men and women, boys and girls, are not under control.

Let's be thoroughbreds.

FOR COLORFUL HOMES BENNETT'S

PAINTS
and WALLPAPERS

FOR CLEAN, SHINING HOMES

Bennett's Cleaners and Polishes

FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD USE

BENNETT GLASS & PAINT CO., SALT LAKE CITY

BRANCHES AND DEALERS IN UTAH AND IDAHO

AT LONG LAST!

A Collection of Verse

By

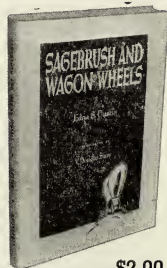
Edna S. Dustin

Echoes and old memories from Utah's "early days"—hoof beats and wagon wheels, the scent of lilacs, the drama of men and women building a new empire!

Here are some of the titles:

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THE HERMIT NATION

(Concluded from page 611)

wrapped around the body and tied with what might be called a belt. And then when they need washing it is like sending a long strip of cloth to the laundry!

Even to the present day in some of the remote villages old customs still remain. You always step over a door-sill—because each house has its own god, and the sill is his neck, and if you stepped on that he would be hurt, and disaster would follow! A man always precedes a woman in walking; she carries the burdens, and he plays with his hands to keep his fingers supple! The males of the family eat first, from three years old up, and the females eat what may be left! No properly brought up woman ever attends a funeral, and most of the mourners are hired to "wail and mourn" for the occasion.

The fruit is wonderful, and the present fine apple trees were introduced by some teachers and missionaries and are now-one of the largest productions they have; from experience I can testify that they are very delicious.

The people are really what we term poor, and most of their traveling is done by walking—always somebody walking somewhere, and usually each woman carrying a load on her head. There is little sanitation.

But always there was a smile in return for mine, and such wonderful, friendly eyes. I felt they were interested in me, and could I but know them they would be interesting to me.

And when we talked with them, we learned they were looking toward being free. And now that victory has come, let's help them all we can!

MUD HOUSES

(Concluded from page 620)

slightly more modernized than those made by the Saints. True they are the same gray slabs laid without plumb or level, with straw as a binder, since nothing has been found to equal it in producing even drying and to prevent cracking, but instead of water the builders are using bitudobe stabilizer. It's an emulsified asphaltic preparation that hastens the hardening process and makes the bricks more or less waterproof.

Though the bricks are easily molded while moist, when dry they are almost unbreakable. The bricks are fireproof, soundproof, warm in winter, and cool in summer, and apparently last forever. For not only are those first "Mormon" homes still standing, but adobe bricks made by ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans have also been preserved in

that warm dry climate for over three thousand years.

But how those people would stare now, and even those early-day Saints, at our modern-day methods. The bricks are still sun-dried, but the mud and straw and stabilizers are churned in gasoline powered mixers.

Abel Dominguez, a native of Chihuahua, Mexico, who was born in an adobe house and whose father and grandfather before him were adobe builders, has helped make this California project possible. For weeks, this gentleman from south of the border experimented to determine the exact proportions of mud and straw and liquid which could be mass-produced in uniform quality.

So now, after nearly a century, the years have proved that the Saints in their need selected just about the best and most easily obtainable building material there is.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

(Concluded from page 651)

Whereas in the Reign of Our Most Dear and Royall Father, King James of blessed memory, several proclamations have been made and published concerning Tobacco, yet notwithstanding all the care and providence which hath hitherto been used, we finde the unlimited desire of gaine, and the inordinate appetite of taking Tobacco, hath so farre prevailed, that Tobacco hath continued to be planted in Great Quantities, in several parts of Our Realme, and a vast proportion of unserviceable Tobacco made and brought from Virginia, Summer Islands, and other of our Foreigne plantations, . . . And it is now come to passe, that those Our Forreigne Plantations, that might become useful to this kingdom, lingering only upon Tobacco, are in apparent danger to be utterly ruined, . . . the bodies and manners of our people are in danger of being corrupted,

and the wealth of this kingdom exhausted by so useless a weed as Tobacco is. . . .

And First, Our Will and Command is that no person whatsoever doe at any time hereafter plant, preserve, or maintaine any Tobacco which is, hath been, or shall be planted in Our Kingdoms of England or Ireland, or Dominion of Wales, or in the Islands of Jersey or Guernsey, or that the same bee utterly displanted and destroyed, and that none resume or adventure to buy, sell, or offer any such Tobacco, the same being utterly unwholesome to bee taken.

And Further, that no Tobacco whatsoever bee from henceforth imported into these Our realms from any source whatsoever.

The use of tobacco was deleterious three hundred years ago; it is deleterious now.

Your Pioneer Journal

(Concluded from page 636)

ally these accounts fill the histories. Through these incidents we see the gigantic strength of our people, as they bore, by their faith, the trials of their rugged existence. The many good Samaritans should have their mention, because the brotherly love of a staunch pioneer will lift a reader to courageous heights.

Your journal is now part of you. Each day you will learn something additional about your pioneer background, and as the years go on, the jottings will grow into volumes. By this time you will have gained a true perspective of your ancestors, their habits, and mode of living. Your journal is now a valuable supplement to history.

Somewhere down the line of your posterity will perhaps come a writer, historian, or storyteller—someone prepared to present to the world polished gems from your vivid and colorful background. It will take but a small effort on your part to jot down today what you know of your background in connection with the settlement of the Church in the West, and this knowledge will become someday prized and valuable information.

To Fit the Burden

(Continued from page 627)

They know they're welcome, but Ken and Lissa must decide for themselves what they want to do. They are man and wife, a family unit of their own. We can only stand by."

"And the next day," the bitter voice persisted, "after all he had gone through—you made him get a job. I say made deliberately, Melissa, because when Kenneth left our place that night he had no intention, no thought of hunting work the next day!"

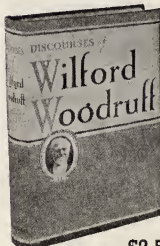
Lissa's eyes fell before the accusing blue eyes of her mother-in-law. Here she was right. Ken hadn't expected to hunt work right away. But Lissa had been afraid to let him wait, to let him fall into a habit of waiting and wondering and doubting.

His father had told her, just her alone, that he could give Ken a job if Lissa thought it best. But he had understood when she had shaken her head.

(Continued on page 660)

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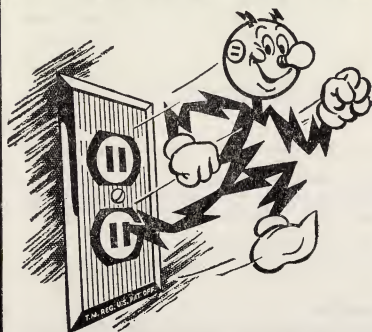
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To Fit the Burden

(Continued from page 659)

"Ken's got to find his own job, Dad," she had explained. "He's got to know that he is still a man, a man complete and able in spite of his loss."

And Ken had got a job, a good one, one he liked. He was writing advertising copy for one of the city's biggest agencies. They would bring Ken a dress, and he would feel it with his long, sensitive fingers, hold it to his cheek, imagine Lissa in it, and write about it so that women would rush to buy it no matter what it cost. Lissa had to smile a bit, remembering that, though he had been working only a few months, he had already had a raise—a raise he had earned.

Yes, Ken could make his way all right.

"And now," the relentless voice went on, "now you selfishly demand a baby so that Kenneth will have to work on and on—no matter how he feels or what it costs him. And not only work—but worry, too. You needn't tell me that Kenneth isn't afraid his good fortune won't last. When some other man shows up—some one who isn't handicapped—" again the mother's voice caught, "he'll be pushed aside. He didn't have to worry so much with just you. You can always earn a living, and no one could possibly hold it against Kenneth that his wife worked. But with a baby—"

"Babies," Lissa corrected softly, "this isn't going to be our only one."

Ken's mother sank into a chair.

"How can you do it, Melissa?" she asked. "How can you look forward to a life such as yours will have to be? You'll have to give up your job—"

"Yes," Lissa said, "I am giving up my job."

Ken's mother looked at her, horror in her eyes.

"I believe that's what you've wanted all along," she gasped. "Here you are, young and strong and whole—and yet you want to be supported by a man who has lost his chief aid to earning. You didn't dare stop working without an excuse—"

Lissa shook her head. She wasn't exactly angry, she thought bitterly.

"You used to understand me better," she said, controlling the resentment that burned within her.

"You used to be understandable.

To Fit the Burden

But you've changed. Oh, you've changed, Melissa. If I can't appeal to you for Ken's sake, then let me speak on behalf of the children you are planning to bring into the world. These good jobs are not going to last forever. Kenneth isn't going to be able to keep his job when more men get back. What can your children have, what can they hope to have, but disappointment and poverty?" She bent her face into her hands, and her shoulders shook.

SUDDENLY Lissa realized what Ken's mother was saying. It was horrible to her. Her head went back. Her lips were a scarlet pennant, brave against the pallor of her face.

"Ken's children can have the proud right to hold up their heads and walk free," she said. "They can glory in this privilege because their father bought it for them—paid in full for it!" Tears came into her eyes. "I knew you pitied Ken," she said sadly, "but I thought you would learn that he doesn't need pity. You haven't learned."

"You say you know Ken. I don't think you do know him. You know yourself—your own heart, you know—with its love and anguish for your child, your terror for his future. Maybe you knew the little boy, Ken. But you don't know the man or you would know that your way is wrong—that he can do, and will do, whatever is expected of him. If that is failure, well, then—but it isn't!"

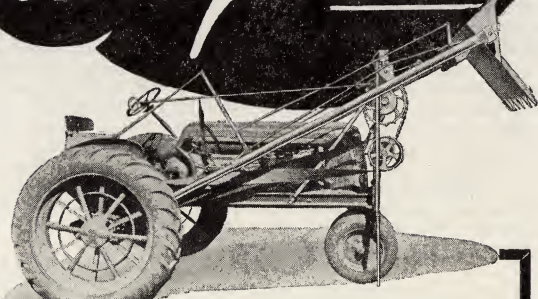
She paused a moment and then said clearly, "I haven't told you all our news. I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell this part. But I do. Ken has been offered a fine job in Detroit. We are going to move there."

Ken's mother raised her head. Her face looked terribly old and ravished. His father also looked at Lissa, disbelief struggling with sorrow across the fine features, so like Ken's, yet so different with the livid scar across them.

Lissa went on, "I don't want pity, either for Ken or for me—least of all for our children. I want them to have a normal life, with the normal troubles and worries and deprivations of an average family. But no pity!" Her lips twisted wistfully. "I had wanted them to have their grandfather and grandmother near."

(Concluded on page 662)

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TO FIT THE BURDEN

(Concluded from page 661)

A child gets something from his grandparents that he gets from no one else, and what he gets is good. I had wanted that good thing for our children. But it is better to deprive them of that one happiness than to have them grow up in shame, thinking themselves pitiful."

The older woman stared at the girl. Then Ken's father's hand went to his brow in a gesture they all knew well, a gesture indicating utter weariness, and the scar stood out in all its ugliness, livid across his face.

SUDDENLY Lissa smiled. She had her weapon now. Maybe she could wield it with enough dexterity to win what she wanted most of all.

"I know a man," she said softly, "who was the idol of all the girls he knew, not only because he was good and gentle, but because he was as handsome and dashing as any knight errant. He was engaged to a proud and lovely girl, and then a war came, and he went away to fight. And when his fighting was over, he didn't want to come back to claim his lovely sweetheart. He didn't want to burden her, who could have her choice of men, with a disfigured caricature."

Ken's mother wasn't watching Lissa now. It was her turn to be ridden by memories. Lissa saw the blue eyes cloud with the fluttering wings of long dead days.

"But the girl didn't see things that way," Lissa's young voice went on remorselessly. "The girl wanted her love and her life. She wouldn't admit that a German kaiser, away across the ocean, could rob her of her dreams. So she married the soldier in spite of himself, and together they made their dreams come true."

Ken's mother knew that story better than Lissa did. The girl was half guessing. She couldn't know the secret struggles that had gone on in the other women's heart; she couldn't know the fears that had been strangled in the deep shadows of the night or the courage it had taken to give to a shattered man the hope and the strength he needed. She did know that a home had been built on faith and that children had graced that home.

She said, "That soldier and that

girl had children—three beautiful children. Those children grew up proud of their father's scars, looking upon them with love and tenderness, but never a hint of pity. If ever, in all their years at school, any child made fun of those scars, he found poor sport, for he learned that you cannot make fun of a badge of honor. You cannot deride real glory. Oh!" Ken's mother had risen defensively, and Lissa went to her, "I knew those children well. I envied them their father. I, who had never known my parents, used to think that if I could choose from all the world, I'd want parents like these, brothers and sisters that walked proudly, because they had a right to do so.

"And that is what I want for my children. Ken has done his part. He has earned his badge of honor. Now I must earn mine."

LISSA was crying now, crying desperately. She turned, blinded by her tears, and felt the strong arms of Ken's father around her. She laid her head on his shoulder and wept; all the anguish of the silent battle of the past weeks, all the misery of misunderstanding, all the uncertainty she had thought her own bright secret would bring to an end, spilled over in tears she could not stop.

Ken's father held her close for a moment. Then he turned her gently and placed her face against a softer shoulder.

"There, there, Lissa," he said tenderly. "You need a woman to comfort you. Men aren't much good at times like this." He blew his nose sharply.

Ken's mother held the girl to her. "We get old," she said softly, "and we forget the strength and wisdom of youth. Sometimes our children remind us of these things, and sometimes we are too stubborn to be reminded." She smiled suddenly.

"I've heard it takes grandchildren to really bring old folks to time. And we're going to have some, Les! Lissa, darling, dry your eyes, and come tell the girls. They'll be so happy."

Lissa lifted her tear-wet face. She knew what they were trying to tell her, but she must be sure. There must be no mistake, for Ken's sake, for their babies' sake.

"If you could go back, Dad," she said, "if you could change things, would you? Would you make your life easier than it was?"

He looked down at her and gently lifted a wisp of golden hair that clung wetly against her cheek.

"No, I wouldn't, Lissa," he said quietly. "I wouldn't make things easier for me—a man's back grows to fit the burden he carries gladly. But," his voice grew wistful, "I would like to make myself just a bit more like that young hero you were talking about—a bit more worthy of a wonderful wife!"

"That's what I want to do, too, Dad!" said Ken, out of the twilight that had fallen around them. "Has Lissa told you our good news?" He stood there beside them, his hand on the harness of the beautiful dog.

His mother answered, and Lissa's heart lifted at the new note in her voice. "Oh, Ken, we're all so happy for you. I can't help crying!" And she dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

Ken laughed delightedly and squeezed his mother. His father took his son's hand and said, "Ken!"

They stood there, face to face, smiling, two soldiers, both proudly bearing the marks of battle. Lissa's throat ached.

"American men!" she thought. "And they think they are not worthy of us!"

Ken's mother said, "Come, dear. Let's tell the girls."

Across the lawn to the house the two women went, arm in arm.

THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD

(Continued from page 629)

Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. (Acts 2:38.)

To emphasize that this command was not only to the people of that

day but also to future generations as well, Peter said:

For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. (Acts 2:39.)

One of the clearest evidences of

The Church of the Living God

the need, not only of baptism but also of authority from God to officiate in his ordinances, is related in the nineteenth chapter of Acts where Paul met twelve men at Ephesus who claimed to have been baptized. When they told Paul of their baptism, he asked them if they had received the Holy Ghost. They replied that they had not heard of the Holy Ghost. From this statement Paul realized that their baptism had been performed by an impostor, by someone without the priesthood of God, and therefore without the right to baptize anyone or otherwise officiate in the name of the Lord. When they heard Paul's explanation, they were baptized again, after which he laid his hands upon them and they received the Holy Ghost.

It seems conclusive from these Bible passages that Christ does consider the observance of these ordinances all-important.

But we need not go so far back as the New Testament period to learn the absolute necessity of being obedient to the commandments of the Lord and that it does make a difference as to what religious organization man joins. When Joseph Smith was a lad, he became confused as to which church he should join after he had attended several different revival meetings in his home community. In all those meetings, the contending preachers tried to gain new members to their respective churches by trying to convince them that, "Lo, here is Christ." To the humble, truth-seeking lad, the Father and the Son appeared and answered his question of bewilderment by telling him to "join none of them." He was also told by Jesus Christ that their creeds were an abomination in his sight. He was instructed to remain faithful and that he would be given further instructions as to what he should do. Joseph was later instructed concerning the necessity of baptism by the resurrected John the Baptist, who ordained Joseph and Oliver Cowdery to the Aaronic Priesthood and then instructed them to baptize each other.

Later, after this Church had been organized and converts had come to it from several other churches, the

(Concluded on page 664)

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THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD

(Concluded from page 663)

question of the importance of baptism arose. Some of those who had been baptized by immersion in order to become members of their previous churches felt that it was unnecessary for them to be baptized again. The Prophet hesitated until he went before the Lord in prayer. The answer he received is as important as it is convincing. It is contained in section twenty-two of the Doctrine and Covenants, and is as follows:

Behold, I say unto you that all old covenants have I caused to be done away in this thing [that is, in the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints]; and this is a new and an everlasting covenant, even that which was from the beginning.

Wherefore, although a man should be baptized an hundred times it availeth him nothing, for you cannot enter in at the strait gate by the law of Moses, neither by your dead works.

For it is because of your dead works that I have caused this last covenant and this church to be built up unto me, even as in days of old.

Wherefore, enter ye in at the gate, as I have commanded, and seek not to counsel your God. Amen.

From this the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are certain that it is in error to suggest that baptism, the sacrament, and other phases of the gospel are voluntary rather than obligatory ordinances of the plan of salvation.

The gateway to the kingdom of God is faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, as administered by those duly ordained to the Priesthood of God as restored to the world through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

A VISIT TO DAVID WHITMER

(Concluded from page 625)

"Mr. Whitmer was in excellent health and spirits, considering his advanced age—he passed the allotted period of man's life more than a decade since. He renews with undiminished vigor the testimony which will make his name undying in our Church history."

AT the time our visit was made to David Whitmer, he was eighty years of age; he was, apparently, sound and well preserved, physically; he was alert, mentally, and possessed a wonderful recollection of the sacred events in regard to which we were interviewing him. My father had but recently celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday anniversary and was in the prime, both mentally and physically, of his very busy public life: and I was twenty-five years of age and in pos-

session of all the faculties essential for accurate observation, hearing, and the recollection of statements made in my presence and within my hearing; and that, today, sixty-one years later, I still have a vivid recollection of the details of that visit and the personality of David Whitmer. His white hair, bright eyes, his modest and unassuming yet dignified appearance and demeanor still linger in my memory of the interesting incidents of that day.

The *Deseret News*—Supplement—of June 27, 1885, which can be found in the library of our Church Historian's Office, carries the full story; and there can be seen a full and complete corroboration of all that has been stated above, in the beautifully expressed and intensely interesting communication, signed by my dear father, and published to the world as hereinbefore stated.

EUROPE'S VALIANT SAINTS FORGE AHEAD

(Continued from page 623)

ever through their hospitality and friendliness.

One of the sweetest spirits enjoyed in any meeting resulted from the surprise rebroadcast of the weekly Tabernacle choir and organ program, over Radio Stuttgart (Germany). The effect upon the minds and hearts of those assembled was marvelous. In another meeting a sudden downpour made it necessary

to close most of the windows, which had heavy pieces of cardboard in place of the shattered glass panes. We continued the services in almost total darkness. Another group of two hundred Saints, after waiting until curfew time for our arrival, were required to remain in the shell-battered meetinghouse overnight and sleep upon the cold cement floor.

During a series of seventeen meetings in Sweden, over fifty percent of

EUROPE'S VALIANT SAINTS FORGE AHEAD

those present at the well-attended services were friends and investigators of the gospel, while in Finland, with the exception of the meeting held at Larsmo, almost one hundred percent of those attending were nonmembers. Although we have only one member in Helsinki, Finland's capital, two hundred seventy-five people were present, a number of whom could not understand either English or Swedish in which the services were conducted.

Finland has been dedicated to the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ by Elder Ezra Taft Benson and the Church invited to open a mission there. Six missionaries have been assigned to work in that land and assurances have been received that the people of this nation are anxious to welcome us and hear the words of eternal life.

The national leaders of Poland have assured us that the present government, although lacking full freedom, are guaranteeing religious freedom and have extended their welcome to the Church to establish its missionary program among their people. Those with whom we spoke, including several national officials, were sincerely interested, and the people throughout the nation impressed us most favorably. Every courtesy and help will be extended in the establishment of our work in this productive but troubled country.

WHILE in Czechoslovakia, a monument, commemorating the setting apart of that land to the preaching of the gospel by Elder John A. Widtsoe on July 24, 1929, was dedicated by President Benson. An unusually fine spirit prevails in this mission, and the opportunities for missionary work were never more favorable. During the missionwide conference of the Swiss-Austrian Mission at Basel, Switzerland, the Basel chapel, built and completed during the war years, was dedicated on Easter as the crowning event of an outstanding conference.

Inspiring missionwide conferences have also been held in England, Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and the East German Mission, the first since the war. The record for attendance was set by the East German Mission (Russian Zone) in its conference at Leipzig, there being

a total of 11,981 persons participating in the various sessions. The Sunday evening meeting alone was attended by 2,082, the Gold and Green Ball by 1,261 and a special musical concert, in which a missionwide chorus of two hundred fifty voices and an eighty-five piece orchestra participated, was attended by 1,021. The local broadcasting studio made daily announcements of this event for three weeks preceding the conference, large posters were placed on billboards throughout the city and in the streetcars. The government scheduled two special trains to furnish necessary transportation for our members to this record-breaking event.

ONE of the most serious and heart-rending situations today is that of our refugee Saints. Millions of people in Europe today are on the move, without home or country. Late in June we met with one large group of them in the village of Langen, near Frankfurt, Germany, most of whom are refugees from those sections of Germany now governed by Poland, from which they have been forced to evacuate as unwanted citizens. About ninety of the one hundred twenty refugee Saints living there assembled with us. It was an inspiration to see these poor members sitting with upturned faces, literally drinking in every word uttered. To hear them fervently singing the songs of Zion, to feel their warmth of spirit and their deep abiding faith in the gospel was an unforgettable experience. During our association with them not one word of criticism or bitterness was spoken by any member of the group, although they have lost all their earthly possessions and some of them their entire families. Sadness filled President Benson's heart later on when, with the president of the West German Mission and the local branch president, he drove out to the rough barracks where these people are living. The first place visited had four families housed in a single room, twenty-two people in all, where they slept, ate and lived. Two-decker bunk beds had been built along the walls on three sides to accommodate the group for sleeping. A small stove in the middle of the rough board floor provided the only heat

(Continued on page 666)

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EUROPE'S VALIANT SAINTS FORGE AHEAD

(Continued from page 665)

for the room and for the cooking. Beds were made up at night on the floor for the younger members. The occupants range from babes in arms to one woman past eighty years old and several young people in their middle teens.

Since this visit additional and more commodious barracks have been purchased and set up, and welfare supplies are arriving in some quantity and assisting in caring for their most urgent needs. As rapidly as possible the individual family units are being settled in outlying communities and provided with work to which they are adapted.

As this was being written, the following fire arrived:

SCHWEIDNITZ BRANCH (THREE ELDERS, ONE PRIEST, ONE MEMBER, FOURTEEN SISTERS, TEN CHILDREN) ARRIVED YESTERDAY. SUFFICIENT FINANCES. /S/ PAUL HEILIG (BRANCH PRESIDENT) EMIGRANT CAMP TAUCHA NEAR LEIPZIG, BARRACKS 11, ROOM 2.

How many of our Saints probably owe their lives to the kindness of some of our Latter-day Saint servicemen will never be known. Wherever we went among the Saints in the war-torn countries, we heard accounts of the kindness, the generosity, and goodness of our servicemen. Throughout Europe today are small groups of men and women intensely interested in the gospel through contacts they have had with some of our "armed missionaries." They have been most kind and obliging in going out of their way to be of service. Although their number now is greatly reduced, they are still meeting together and holding services. As one of our Latter-day Saint chaplains often remarked, "When two or three get together, they hold a meeting. If there are more than that, they hold a conference!" Much of the credit for the spirit of love and understanding existing among our Saints today, as well as the spiritually sound condition of many of our branches, is due these splendid emissaries of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The sermon of their clean, sweet lives shines out gloriously among their comrades-in-arms and will ever stand as a testimony of the power of the gospel in the lives of men and women.

In Europe today transportation facilities, communications, and mails, are badly crippled.

Perhaps the knowledge of these distressing transportation and communication conditions has been the reason for the oft-repeated warning, "It can't be done" or "It's impossible."

Repeatedly President Benson has been told that the schedules tentatively arranged were impossible to keep and the transportation planned impossible to secure. But in spite of the impossible conditions which confront us, every country in Europe in which the Church has a mission has been visited several times, visits being made to Poland and Finland, in addition. The leading military and governmental authorities have been contacted in all of these lands and have been most helpful and cooperative.

The most recent "impossible" incident occurred in connection with our trip into Poland. Applications for permission to enter that land had been submitted nearly three weeks before our scheduled departure from London and assurances received that the applications would be speedily honored. Yet the evening before our departure by plane for Berlin, from which point we were to board the plane for Warsaw, approval for the issuance of visas had not been received. We left for Berlin without them, but with a deep assurance in our hearts that the Lord would open the way before us to permit our visiting the Saints in this land whose plight is most critical. Upon arriving in Berlin the Polish Military Mission was contacted, and we were informed that a minimum of two weeks would be required for clearance. Finally it admitted the possibility of granting visas within six days. This was Saturday afternoon. Our plane—a weekly freight craft—was leaving the following Tuesday morning. President Benson returned to this office Monday morning and received the desired visas within ten minutes.

WE thank Almighty God that he has opened the way before us in our travels and in providing, in part at least, for the needs of the Saints and in making arrangements

Europe's Valiant Saints Forge Ahead

for even the most critically impoverished and mistreated to enjoy a measure of relief and the assurance that everything possible is being done to insure their speedy rehabilitation. Many of the problems faced have been almost overwhelming in their seriousness and magnitude, yet ways and means for their solution have rewarded our efforts. Often we have been constrained in our hearts to exclaim with the Psalmist David, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" (Psalm 8:4.) Being among the favored witnesses who have seen the hand of the Lord made manifest in so many marvelous ways, we rejoice in declaring anew that he lives, that he is mindful of his Saints and of his servants throughout the world whom he has called and sent forth to declare "the voice of warning" unto all people.

As President Benson comes to the end of his emergency mission and prepares to welcome Elder Alma Sonne, who succeeds him as European Mission president, he is pleased to be able to report that the missions in Europe are making splendid progress, that the Saints are loyal and devoted, supporting their capable leaders and working unitedly with them in the furtherance of God's work. The understanding and cooperation of the military and governmental officials in the countries visited have been most gratifying. Although conditions have greatly improved since February 1, there are many problems yet to be encountered and many solutions yet to be found. But the spirit of love and unity prevail; optimism and hope fill the lives of our people; and perhaps at no time have the need of, and the prospects for missionary work been more favorable than they are today. Truly, the valiant Saints in Europe are forging ahead as never before.

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60TH FOUNDERS' DAY

ON November 15 the L. D. S. College will celebrate its sixtieth anniversary, commemorating its beginning, November 15, 1886, in a basement room of the old Social Hall. The school, which boasts a proud and colorful history, once consisted of three departments: High School, Junior College, and Business College. The last-named department continues to operate—day and evening sessions, throughout the year—upholding the high ideals that have enriched the lives of an army of alumni.

Former students are invited to participate in the class reunions, general meeting, and evening dances on Founders' Day this year.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Continued from page 621)

It is delightful to know that in this department of M.I.A. there are approximately one hundred twenty thousand who are glad to carry on. When Sister Ruth May Fox stood up here, ninety-three years young, to tell us what she had in her heart, we realized that since she became the general president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, she has lived to see the membership of this organization more than double, and that is a wonderful thing to live to see. What a wonderful thing it will be if you who are here this morning can live long

enough upon the earth to see this organization double itself again in membership, and we can if we will do our part.

I CAME just recently from Mexico where there are thirty million of the descendants of Lehi, only a comparative few of whom know of him and know that they have descended from a prophet of God. I was happy to see in one of our audiences there approximately twelve hundred of his descendants, our brothers and sisters, and such a wonderful people. They met together as children of the Lord and sang praises to him, using the same music that we use, with the words interpreted into their own language. Our building there would not begin to hold the people; many of them were standing outside; and many of them stood the entire period of a two-hour service, twice during the Sabbath day. (See September Era, p. 556.) We have only just begun our work in South America. Mexico is only a part of the homeland of the descendants of Father Lehi. We have about thirty thousand of his descendants in the South Seas, and what a wonderful thing it is to know that each time we bring the gospel of Jesus Christ to one of his descendants and he receives a witness that it is God's work, another individual has found a way in which to enrich his life, and he in turn may divide the truth with our Father's other children.

Sometimes I fear that people think we are egotistical. They may think that we are a little careless when we say we have the truth. Well, somebody has it, and it is certain that not everybody can have it, if the confusion in the world is any indication. After hundreds of years of time have elapsed, peoples have come and gone, races have risen to great distinction, and great nations have been builded and have passed away. How fortunate we are in our day to have our Father come again with his Son Jesus Christ and deliver a message of truth to a boy not yet fifteen years of age and tell him that the work that he has to do is to be disseminated in all the world. It is a great order that we have, my brethren and sisters. I do not know of any other group that can perform their part and do their duty in delivering that message better than the group that are here today.

WHAT a wonderful thing it is to meet in a house like this, and to realize that on this stand there have stood Presidents of the Church, one after another, delivering messages as recorded in the Old and New Testaments, the

Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price, and each in his turn testifying that he knew that God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, and that Joseph Smith is a prophet. If we each did our part to carry the message to our own homes, to our own departments, to our wards and stakes and mission fields, how wonderful it would be, and the Lord would bless us and magnify us and honor us because we had sought to do his will.

My brethren and sisters, this morning the air is fragrant with flowers; the sun is delightful; the shubbery and grass are so beautiful and green; and here we are assembled in the name of the Lord in this house that has been dedicated to his worship. Whenever we come here, we should realize that we have an appointment with our Heavenly Father. The meetings that we hold here, these religious services, are called at his suggestion, and he meets here with us, and he has promised us that his Spirit will always be here to bless us.

I congratulate with all my heart the general boards of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations on the fine work that they are doing. I want to say to them they must not lessen their efforts, but they must speed up, that all over this land and even in other lands, the message of M. I. A. may be carried to our Father's other children, that they may rejoice in hearing that message.

ONLY this morning I read a letter from one of our brethren who had been in Czechoslovakia. He had also been in other parts of Europe. He had been visiting some of his old friends that he met there when he was a missionary years ago. And now he goes back to find those countries disrupted, to find that the promises of the Lord to the children of men have been in part fulfilled wherein the Lord told his children that if they would not repent of their sins and turn to him, sorrow would overtake them. The message I speak of was delivered by this man, and thousands of others that have been going out into the world for the past more than one hundred years, saying, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." (Rev. 18:4.) Many of you are descendants of those who heard that voice, descendants of those who left their homeland, not for wealth, not that they might have distinction among their fellows, but in humility and with gratitude in their hearts they turned their backs upon the civilization of the lands in which they lived to make their homes in the tops

ACCOMPLISHMENT should always be the result when energy is expended. Yet, like a dizzily spinning top, many businesses go 'round in the preparation of advertising and get nowhere. Month after month, the same thing happens again and again and nothing is accomplished but the expenditure of dollars that could be made to produce results. The function of a printing organization today is to help clients to plan printing that builds sales—to take copy and dramatize it, make it so irresistibly attractive that it must naturally draw the reader's attention. The waste of which we speak is often due to lack of understanding. Realization of this has made us sales minded. Your selling problem is our problem, and our experience puts us in a position to print your sales story so that it will get results.

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

of these everlasting hills and rear the temples of God in this land and in other parts of the world, that the message that was so delightful to their ears might be delivered to other hundreds of thousands and millions of people before the time comes when our Father in heaven said this earth will be cleansed and purified by fire and become the celestial kingdom of our Lord.

Now, we know that, brethren and sisters, Do we appreciate it? Do we really feel that sense of gratitude that should be in our souls to our Heavenly Father for this opportunity that has come to us to partake of these choice blessings of our Lord in this wonderful land. And then we have the command to go into all parts of the world, and say to our Father's other children, "We know that God lives; we are not guessing at it. We know that Jesus is the Christ; it is not imagination. We know that the Lord has spoken again in our day, as he said he would through his prophets in the Old and New Testaments. They told of the time when the gospel was to come again, and now we are made part-takers of it." One department of that great work that is doing such a splendid service in the world are the Mutual Improvement Associations.

I HAPPEN to be in correspondence with a number of men, not members of the Church; some of them live in different parts of this country and some in Europe. Only a few days ago I received a letter from a man in London whom I have never met. I have corresponded with him now for twenty years, but I have never seen him. We were introduced by correspondence. A man living in this city, knowing this man, wrote me and told me to go and meet him. I went to the place where he lived and found that he had moved and therefore did not meet him, but I have followed him by correspondence, and that man has preached dozens of sermons eulogistic of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He has taught the people regarding the Book of Mormon and the things that we have. I pleaded with him about five years ago to come into the Church. I said, "You know the gospel is true. Now, come on, while there is yet time." Since that time this good man, and he is a good man, and his wife, a wonderfully good woman, have been bombed out of their home five times, their homes blown to smithereens. He was paralyzed so that he could not speak. Her eyes were blinded so that she could not see. And then another experience happened after the five bombings. A bomb landed in front of their door that would undoubtedly have blown them

to pieces, but it did not explode; and now they are writing and saying, "Oh, how wonderful it is to again have the *Improvement Era*; how wonderful it is to get that message from the tops of the Rocky Mountains, and how grateful we are for the little remembrances that come from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

WE are sitting here in this house of God, where the voices of the servants of the Lord have been ringing now for nearly a hundred years. I wonder if we appreciate what it means and what our Heavenly Father will expect from us in return for all these blessings. Our parents came out of the world and gave us the opportunity to know the truth. Now it is your privilege and mine, not only a duty but a glorious privilege, to let our light so shine that others seeing our upright lives will be constrained to glorify the name of our Heavenly Father.

This is M. I. A. we are talking about today, and yet we have all the other organizations represented in the membership of this group. We have the finest Sunday School organization in all the world. Our marvelous Primary Association is also meeting today in conference. The Relief Society has been honored because of the outstanding service they are rendering. And so I might go on and mention the priesthood organizations and the other departments of the Church, each having the opportunity to render a service that will return to us an eternal dividend.

I would like to say to you, my brethren and sisters, encourage your Mutual Improvement workers. I found down in Mexico that our Mutual Improvement Associations are drawing the young people into the Church by the dozens. The program is pleasing to them, and they do not have anything else like it in that land. I think that there are approximately thirty millions of those people who do not know anything about the gospel, and yet we sit here in comfort in our homes enjoying all the favors the Lord has bestowed upon the children of men, and yet they too are his sons and daughters, and he loves them. I come back to plead with you, my Father's children: let us prepare not only to do the missionary work ourselves but where there are those who are not fortunate enough to have means to go who would like to carry the message of life and salvation, let us supply the means. In Mexico they are pleading now that we furnish a few missionaries who can speak the Spanish language. That means enough to carry on their program, and how much better they can do it who can talk the native

(Concluded on page 670)

FALL FILLS THE CALENDAR

with Places to Go



Shopping Trips



GAMES

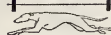


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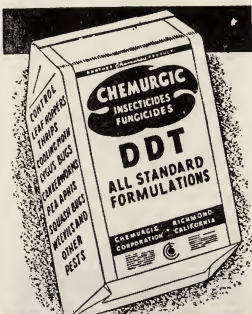
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

(Concluded from page 669)

tongue than those of our people who do not know the language but have to learn it.

And so this work goes on and on, and instead of 50,000 or 60,000 Mutual Improvement members, as was the case in Sister Fox's early days, we have now 120,000, and you have only just begun to do the work that the Lord intended should be done. These programs that are given to you by the various departments of the Church, Sunday School, Relief Society, Mutual Improvement Associations, Primary, and all these departments, the Genealogical Society, everyone of them, if they are properly carried out, will add richness to our lives and will add understanding to our purpose in life and will give us joy because we will be the means of dividing the truth with our Father's other children who need it. And if they but understood it as we understand it, if they only had the opportunity, not only thousands of them but hundreds of thousands of them would accept it.

AGAIN I express my gratitude for my membership in this organization. It has been about sixty-five years since I became a member of the Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and I want to say that there has never been a year of that time, from then until now, that I have not been enriched and blessed because of my membership in that group. Surely the Lord has heard the prayers of our loved ones who have passed on and has given to us, those of us who are living today, eternal truth, and has planted within our reach the opportunity to divide it with his other children, many of whom would be just as worthy as we are if they only had the understanding that we have.

It is wonderful to be here with Brother George Q. Morris, Sister Lucy G. Cannon and Sister Ruth May Fox,

and these dear men and women that I have worked with all these years. I thank them for the encouragement and help that they have been to me during my Mutual Improvement days, and I pray that the blessings of our Heavenly Father will distill upon them, that the energy and enthusiasm that they have manifested in the past may continue and increase, that the joy that has filled the hearts of those who have been faithful in the past will attend these active ones and those who shall labor with them, and after awhile when the summons shall reach us and we are called to the other side, I pray that these who are doing this splendid work may have joy in the realization of the fact that they will find on the other side waiting for them many of those whom they have blessed, who will honor them and revere their names forever.

God bless you, my brethren and sisters. Do not let us be idle. The time is short. The condition of the world indicates that we are living in the latter days. Let us not trifle with the sacredness of the gospel of Jesus Christ and with the obligations that our Heavenly Father has conferred upon us, but let us with love in our hearts for all men, with love in our hearts for our Father's other children everywhere, go forward with that feeling in our souls that we, the Lord being our helper, will be worthy to be called his sons and daughters in disseminating his truth and bringing its peace and happiness to the children of men. I pray that this may be our privilege and that when the Lord shall call the roll of those who have been faithful, we shall find our inheritance right here on this earth, in the celestial kingdom. I pray, my brethren and sisters, that we, every one of us, will find our names enrolled in the Lamb's book of life, together with those we have associated with here, and all those we could influence, not one missing, and I do it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Continued from page 641)

gospel, and became a leader in the building of the Church.

Proof has shown that Rigdon knew the young Joseph Smith, and chose him to be a blind for his own doctrine. He has been made an absurd, shadowy figure, known to no one, who came and went while training Joseph for a career of perfidy. Every doctrine of consequence in the Church has been said to come from the mind of Sidney Rigdon through the mouth of Joseph Smith. Every principle of organization,

it is claimed, was Rigdon's. Joseph Smith appears to such students only a willing pawn in Rigdon's hands.⁴

These detractors of the Prophet's claims also make Rigdon responsible for the Book of Mormon. They say that a Reverend Solomon Spaulding had written an Indian story which fell into the hands of Sidney Rigdon. He edited and improved it, and sent it out through the hands of Joseph Smith as the Book of Mormon.

⁴W. A. Linn, *The Story of the Mormons*

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

Unfortunately, for these groopers in the dark, the life of Sidney Rigdon is well known. He was not a man to hide behind others. Indeed the Prophet often had to curb Rigdon's desire for primacy.⁸

Unfortunately for these same persecutors, is also the fact that the Reverend Spaulding's manuscript story of ancient America was found in 1884. It has been published and bears no resemblance to the Book of Mormon. Drawn by stern necessity to prove their thesis, they who hold that Joseph Smith was an impostor who used the ideas of others, are now of the opinion that there is another Spaulding manuscript, another Indian story from which the Book of Mormon was translated. "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." These attempts to catch shadows on the wall are not only laughable but ridiculous.

The final and conclusive act in this drama of proving that Joseph Smith was only the tool of others, came towards the end of Sidney Rigdon's life. During his long career Sidney Rigdon never hinted that he knew Joseph Smith before he saw the Book of Mormon. On the contrary he recited the prophetic office of Joseph Smith over and over again. When his son, John W. Rigdon, asked him if he had anything to do with the Book of Mormon before it was handed to him in Kirtland, Sidney Rigdon testified again that he had had nothing to do with the founding of the Church;⁹ that he first saw the Book of Mormon when it was printed, and handed to him by Parley P. Pratt.

Thus falls the second explanation of Joseph Smith.

The third explanation of Joseph Smith rejects the other two. Under this last explanation Joseph was the real author of "Mormonism"; but he was self-deceived; he did not try to deceive others. This explanation rests upon the hypothesis that Joseph Smith suffered from mental disease, epilepsy, and the like. When he was in a seizure by the malady, so these people say, he actually saw the visions, and heard the words which he later, when he was well again, communicated to his followers. The Prophet, therefore, was not a deceiver, but a poor soul who suffered from hallucinations, brought on by a deranged mind, was self-deceived, and involuntarily misled others. It is a perfect whitewash of the prophet. One author, a psychologist, has written a whole book on this subject.¹⁰ He has examined the Smith progenitors and because they were God-fearing people, who at times had dreams and told about them, as do

many other people, they were all classed as mental cases. Moreover, the author blandly concludes that it was only natural that Joseph Smith by inheritance would suffer mental aberrations. At times it seems to this author that the Prophet was actually demented.

Under this explanation, the revelations to Joseph Smith, the existence of the "golden plates," everything that he did was a succession of psychological phenomena. If the Prophet was not in a trance, then "automatic writing" was called into service. Apparently, so these theorists would have us believe, Joseph Smith was never free from unsound mental behavior.

Unfortunately for this pretty theory, the facts do not sustain it. Whatever issues from a deranged mind is usually disorderly and illogical. The structure reared upon the revelations to Joseph Smith is essentially orderly in organization, and logical in doctrinal development. The doctrine and organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, apart from its origin through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith, appeal to every competent person, as of unusual order and logical structure. Many persons, in many books, have commented on the excellence of the organization of the Church and its doctrinal coherence. It is one characteristic of "Mormonism" agreed upon by all reputable writers on the subject.

After examining the various explanations there is only one that satisfies the rational mind, and that answers all questions arising from the life of Joseph Smith: that is his own explanation. He, a boy untaught in worldly learning, had communion with heavenly Beings and was instructed by them; he received and translated the plates of the Book of Mormon by divine aid, and organized the Church under divine authority and command. All that he did for the building of the latter-day kingdom of God came in like manner. As fact after fact is examined, Joseph Smith's own explanation of himself and his labors—simple, supported by witnesses, of logical wholeness and affecting a great people for good—is the only one that the rational mind can accept. Pure water does not flow from an impure source.

The doctors continue to disagree about Joseph Smith. Therefore, Latter-day Saints have no need to worry about any other explanation than the one given by the Prophet himself. In this matter the Church organized through the instrumentality of Joseph Smith stands on a firm and stable foundation. The perplexity of the enemies of "Mormonism" becomes a source of amusement to Latter-day Saints.—J. A. W.

INDUSTRY SPEAKS



Saluting industry throughout the Intermountain Empire, the Salt Lake Tribune on Sunday, October 20 presents "Industry Speaks." In 24 pages of beautiful rotogravure the industry of the Intermountain states passes in review. This is at once a fascinating story of progress and a stimulant to even greater industrial growth throughout the Intermountain area.

You can receive this special rotogravure section on Intermountain industry at no extra cost with one month's subscription to the Salt Lake Tribune. Just send \$1.50 to Circulation Department, Salt Lake Tribune, Salt Lake City 1. Orders received by October 20 will be sure to include the "Industry Speaks" section.

The
Salt Lake
Tribune

⁸History of the Church, Volume IV, p. 283
⁹John W. Rigdon, History of the Church 1:122, 123
¹⁰L. Woodbridge Riley, The Founder of Mormonism

193 Gidlow Lane, Wigan, England

Dear Editors:

I AM enclosing a picture of the Wigan Sunday School, of the Liverpool District. Five families are represented in this group with Branch President Herbert S. Webster at left in the back row. I am the Sunday School supervisor of this Liverpool



District and would appreciate it if I could forward photos of the other three Sunday Schools, in the hope of seeing them in the *Era*.

Ten members of my family are in this picture, who have all attended Sunday School regularly from birth. Illness only has caused absence, so negligible as to be hardly worth mentioning, and my eldest daughter is nearly nineteen years of age. It sounds very much like boasting, doesn't it? But I am proud of my family in the true Latter-day Saint manner.

Sincerely your brother in the gospel,
Clifford Hartley

Dear Editors:

FOR many years I have enjoyed the poetry section of *The Improvement Era*. It has been the source of many hours of sincere pleasure.

It is a great privilege to belong to a Church that fosters and encourages creativeness of spirit and mind. Truly it is a part of the Glory of God!

Thank you for bringing me such enjoyment from your poetry section and for creating such a magazine that carries our gospel to all parts of the world.

Very truly yours,
Caroline Hobson

2815 Grant, Ogden, Utah

Method

"Mrs. Brown certainly is a woman of rare foresight."

"Really?"

"Yes, she makes her husband angry before sending him out to beat the rug."

The Echo

"Do you really always have the last word in an argument with your wife?"

"Sure, I always say, 'Yes, darling.'"

Last Degree

"What did you take at college?"

"A course in husbandry."

"Then why did they give you a bachelor's degree?"

Spendthrift

"The bank has returned your last check."

"Oh, goody—what shall I buy with it this time?"

Mileposts of Civilization

"How fast will your car go?"

"Oh, about sixty billboards an hour."

Seasonable

"Does your hotel room have hot and cold water?"

"Yes, hot in summer and cold in winter."

Purposeful

"You're going hunting?"

"Right."

"But where are your pants?"

"What did you think I was going hunting for?"

Strictly By Choice

"I've got French blood in me."

"By your mother?"

"No, by transfusion."

To All Must Come

"Does your husband get what he earns?"

"Yes—that's why we're always so hard up."

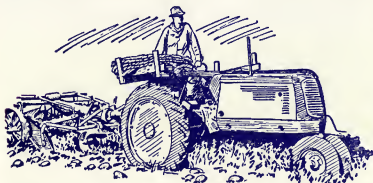


WASHINGTON STAKE CHOIR

The Washington, D.C., Stake choir, Wade N. Stephens, director, and Stanley R. Plummer, organist, broadcast weekly over radio station WWDC, presenting a program of one-half hour. Jesse R. Smith is chairman of the stake music committee and president of the choir.

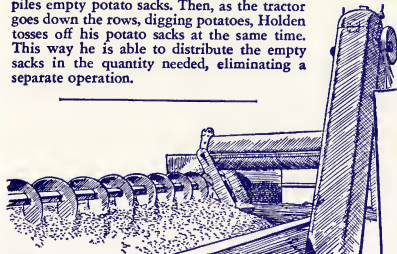
IDEAS FROM A NEIGHBOR'S FARM

Safeway's Farm Reporter keeps tab on how farmers make work easier, cut operating costs, improve crop quality. Safeway reports (not necessarily endorses) his findings because we Safeway people know that exchanging good ideas helps everybody, including us. After all, a third of our customers are farm folks.



DOES EXTRA JOB WITH PLATFORM ON TRACTOR

Here's a simple, practical idea I saw being used by C. R. Holden of Idaho Falls, Idaho. It helps him do a more efficient one-man job of digging and sacking potatoes. As you can see here, Holden has built a wooden platform on top of his tractor, and on this platform he piles empty potato sacks. Then, as the tractor goes down the rows, digging potatoes, Holden tosses off his potato sacks at the same time. This way he is able to distribute the empty sacks in the quantity needed, eliminating a separate operation.



"SCREW" IDEA CUTS OVERFLOW WASTE OF RICE

When harvested by bulk combine, thrashed rice or grain tends to pile up in a corner of the tank, causing a wasteful overflow. So it's common practice with combine operators to have a helper riding up on the edge of the tank, his job being to keep the inflowing rice or grain distributed evenly. But R. B. Oliver, rice grower of Stuttgart, Arkansas, has licked this problem another way. What he's done, as you can see here, is to place a screw leveller across the top of the bulk tank into which the thrashed grain pours. This leveller is power operated from the combine. It prevents piling up and overflow of the rice as efficiently as a man can.



TENT PULLER SPEEDS FUMIGATION OF CITRUS TREES

Developed to help citrus growers who battle pests with cyanide gas, this "strong arm" device may have possibilities for use on other farm jobs—such as covering hay stacks, grain piles, or hot beds when weather changes threaten. Foothill Ranch, lemon growers at Corona, California, reports machine shown here pulls 100 tents per hour from one tree to the next—about double the number a hand crew can handle. Parallel pole apparatus shown is mounted on tractor, operated by power take-off from tractor engine. Poles swing down, straddling tree, so tent can be attached to pole ends. Operator then swings tent up and over tree. When tent has settled over tree, covering it completely, gas charge is injected under tent. A fumigation period of about 55 minutes is allowed per tree. Tent-puller I saw was built by Tustin Manufacturing Company of Tustin, California.

WHY PRODUCE AT SAFEWAY IS FRESHER, MORE FLAVORFUL

It's the difference between a straight open highway and a roundabout route beset with stop-and-go signals . . .



Safeway produce is bought direct from growers, farm co-ops, brokers. It is bought to supply Safeway stores in specific areas. Immediately after purchase—usually right out of the field or orchard—it takes a straight open highway to market. No sidetrack delays while destination is determined. No time out for second or third "deals." Because it gets there quicker Safeway produce is naturally fresher in the store. So consumers gladly buy more, which helps give growers a better return.

- Safeway buys direct, sells direct, to cut "in-between" costs
- Safeway buys regularly, offering producers a steady market; when purchasing from farmers Safeway accepts no brokerage
- Safeway pays going prices or better, never offers a price lower than producer quotes
- Safeway stands ready to help move surpluses
- Safeway sells at lower prices, made possible by direct, less costly distribution . . . so consumers can afford to increase their consumption

SAFEWAY—the neighborhood grocery stores

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The Year Grows Old

Autumn! Symbol of time's swift passing. The season of growth is gone; the harvest will soon be over . . . and winter comes again!

Life seems permanent—secure—when all is well. But suddenly the hour is late. Opportunities are gone.

Now—while you can—carry life insurance. Protect yourself and your family against life's wintertime.

BENEFICIAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

George Albert Smith, Pres.

Salt Lake City, Utah